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WITH EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT: } SIXPENCE
ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES



THE DEBATE ON THE COAL TAX IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"A Dutch Lady" writes to me from Amsterdam in these amiable terms: "It does not seem sufficient to your noble Government to kill women and children at Johannesburg by giving them poisonous, unfit food (see Dr. Mackenzie and Dr. Johnston's statements). Now even the captured Boers are murdered by sending them to a pest country. Those unlucky prisoners of war, whose farms have been burnt, and whose cattle and whose other properties have been stolen, by your noble Generals, seem to be annihilated too. Try to open the eyes of your nation to all this inhuman cruelty. Insert this letter and enclosed printed statement by Mr. Nash in *The Illustrated London News*. If you have no courage to do so, I hereby declare you a contemptible coward." The statement by Mr. Nash is a strong protest against the dispatch of five hundred Boer prisoners to Ahmednagar, in the Bombay Presidency. Mr. Nash was there this time last year, and his opinion is that "the Boers will be simply set down to grill on a burning plain, exposed to all the risks of cholera, plague, and other Oriental diseases." He says, "It is a sentence of death for many of the five hundred, and of torture and misery for all."

Mr. Vaughan Nash is a friend of mine. We are old colleagues in journalism, and I know him to be a man of scrupulous sincerity. But he is aware, although "A Dutch Lady" is not, that there is a difference of opinion about Ahmednagar. It has been chosen by the Indian Government, upon expert advice, as a suitable station. It is declared by Anglo-Indians of long experience to be healthier than many stations where Europeans live without suffering death or torture and misery. A British regiment is quartered there, and if the Boers should perish of cholera, plague, or other Oriental diseases, the British soldiers, I presume, will perish with them. It is useless to tell my Dutch correspondent that care has been taken to improve the water-supply, and otherwise to provide for the comfort of the prisoners, who are reported (in a Reuter telegram) to have expressed surprise and gratitude. I can understand their surprise. They were prepared, no doubt, by eloquent Dutch ladies to expect something like the Black Hole of Calcutta. I agree with Mr. Nash that the Indian Government incurs a grave responsibility; and if Ahmednagar should be stricken by plague, cholera, or other Oriental diseases, Lord Curzon and his advisers will be in no enviable position. But in that event, they will be judged rationally, as public opinion in this country judges officials who are convicted of serious miscalculation. Mr. Nash will then be shown to have understood the sanitary conditions of Ahmednagar much better than the responsible Administration of India. That will be a great, though melancholy, triumph for him; but even then, no sane person will accuse Lord Curzon of having deliberately sentenced the Boers to die in company with the British regiment.

This being the common-sense of the affair, it will not commend itself to excited Dutch ladies. They prefer to think of British officials as murderers, maddened by the lust of "inhuman cruelty." My correspondent probably pictured me reading her letter with a haggard face. Conscience, of course, I have none; remorse is unknown to this flinty bosom. But the terror of being stigmatised as "a contemptible coward" by an indignant lady in Amsterdam, has forced me to publish her eye-opening indictment of our numerous crimes. Well, the eyes of this nation have been wide open for a long time. They see in its true light the home-grown righteousness which, having failed in the political argument on the war, and in sundry tricks, such as the ludicrous scare of a French invasion, resorted to the invention of British "atrocities." The collapse of that campaign is acknowledged by a great publicist: "We are a small and almost contemptible minority." This looks like touching candour; but when the writer makes an admission of that character, it deserves a little scrutiny. Nobody can assume the "But-who-am-I?" attitude of meekness with such histrionic skill. Frankly translated, it means this: "We are the heart and conscience of this people; we are the salt of the British Islands; but we must abase ourselves in our contemptible smallness so as to evade responsibility for the prolongation of the war!" The wide-open eyes are not deceived. When the Afrikaner Bond refuses to advise surrender, when the ministers of the Dutch Church are deaf to appeals from their compatriots who see the futility of the Boer resistance, and the absurdity of the demand for the restoration of independence, our people know where to fix the stigma for the torture and the misery.

My Dutch readers should study Mrs. John Richard Green's second article in the *Nineteenth Century* about the Boer prisoners at St. Helena. Mrs. Green's sympathies are with these men; but she tells no story of "poisonous and unfit food." Some while ago, we were told in horror-struck accents that the brutal gaolers forced the exiles to live in huts so small that the occupants could not stand upright. That legend is dead, and no wonder, for the Governor of St. Helena tells us that most of the huts were built by the

prisoners. Mrs. Green is a sensible as well as a sensitive observer, whose writing is worthy of the distinguished name she bears. She knows that English Colonial administration is not the inhuman despotism conceived by the delirium of Amsterdam, and she suggests that the political education of the Boers at St. Helena should be taken in hand by a high official, so that they may return to South Africa with rational ideas. At present their ideas are curious. "We didn't want to fight," said one burgher, with a humility worthy of Mr. Stead; "we are not a fighting people." Another was shocked by the farm-burning. "When the Boers were in Natal," he said, "they respected property." Dear me! I hate to rake up bygones; but I cannot help recalling Sir Redvers Buller's official report on the state of property at Newcastle after the Boer retreat: "Some of the houses were desecrated with filthy ingenuity." There was wholesale looting in Natal. I do not blame the simple-minded burgher for his forgetfulness. He is told by dear Dutch ladies, and by "ethical" teachers in England, that he is an angel on earth, and it would be strange if he did not hold the same opinion.

"We didn't want to fight." Let us acknowledge the measure of truth in that statement. Mrs. Green reports the admission of one prisoner that a few of his countrymen cherished the "dream" of Dutch supremacy. He prudently abstained from revealing their names. I should not be surprised to learn that they include a gentleman named Reitz and a gentleman named Smuts. Given a handful of intriguers who have all the power and all the money, and an ignorant peasantry, easily gulled into the belief that the English wanted to steal their land, and you need not look much further to explain the Boer Ultimatum. And when the Boers were overrunning Natal, you can easily understand why Mr. Montagu White, Boer agent in America, announced that they would annex a large slice of that colony, and more slices if the war should be prolonged. That game did not succeed; and now we propose to take care that it shall not be repeated, we have this avalanche of sentimentalism on our "inhuman cruelty." Dutch ladies think it is wicked for an invading army to cut off the supplies of the invaded. Our Generals are feeding an enormous number of Boer refugees, while the British refugees from the Transvaal are starving in the coast towns of Cape Colony. I am unacquainted with the statements of Dr. Mackenzie and Dr. Johnston; but the supposition that any Boer women are deliberately poisoned cannot enter any head except that of a recording angel at Amsterdam.

In the "Further Memoirs of Marie Bashkirtseff," a most entertaining little book, I light on this passage: "It seems that we shall have the cholera. It is already at Toulon. It is those infamous English who, for money interests, make thousands of men die. If ever there was a people denuded of all sympathetic qualities, that is one. They are wise and repellent, egotists and cowards, as history shows." This was written, not at Amsterdam, but in Paris, just seventeen years ago. The writer was a brilliant young woman who wanted to know everything. She had read the ancients; she was familiar with Dante and Shakspeare; she had an amazing nervous system and a dash of genius. But her ideas of history, in so far as history exhibits the character of the Briton, were worthy of the Norman gentleman who figures in one of Maupassant's stories. The Norman gentleman hoped to see the day when those infamous English would be chastised as they deserved. What was their offence in his eyes? It was that the soil of his beloved Normandy was trodden by their marauding feet centuries ago. Apparently the circumstance that the marauders were the successors of William the Norman, who had marauded so brilliantly in Britain, was no set-off. In the same spirit Marie Bashkirtseff read our shameless history. We sent the cholera to Toulon to serve our insatiable greed. We are poisoning Boer women at Johannesburg (see the statements of Dr. Mackenzie and Dr. Johnston). And yet our officers are "chivalrous and kind-hearted," and our soldiers "absolutely honest and brave" (see Count Adalbert Sternberg's personal reminiscences of the South African Campaign).

Count Sternberg is a soldier of fortune who would have delighted the heart of Thackeray. He would have fought for us, if we had let him. He fought for the Boers because he had an impartial desire to see war under modern conditions. He would have saved Cronje but for Cronje's "invincible conceit." (I quote this phrase from an American admirer of De Wet, who writes in *Scribner's Magazine*.) Cronje did not say, "Sister Ann, Sister Ann, do you see the British coming?" When Sternberg told him that our cavalry was dashing across the Boer flank to Kimberley, Cronje said: "Rubbish, Sister Ann!" In the midst of war's alarms, Count Sternberg yearned for seventy-two bottles of Munich beer, which he had ordered at five shillings a bottle. They were drunk by a thirsty German ambulance. When the Count was taken prisoner, he was just in time for the last two bottles. Munich ought to be touched by this anecdote. But Count Sternberg declares that, in the conditions of South African warfare, no Continental army would have done better than the British. Dear Munich, which knows us as well as Marie Bashkirtseff knew us, will not relish that!

PARLIAMENT.

After two nights' debate the Chancellor of the Exchequer carried his resolution for the duty of a shilling a ton on exported coal by a majority of 106. Mr. Morley, Mr. Harwood, and Sir William Gurdon voted with the Government, and nine Unionist members against them. The debate turned largely upon the effect that such a tax might be expected to have on the foreign trade in coal. The Opposition contended that the foreigner would refuse to pay the enhanced price, and would take his custom elsewhere. The Government replied that the foreigner cannot do without a certain kind of English coal, and that, as fluctuations of price had not hitherto affected the export trade, there was no reason to suppose that the addition of a shilling a ton would frighten the foreigner away. Sir Michael Hicks Beach drew attention to the enormous increase of coal-owners' profits—twenty-nine millions sterling since 1897. On the other hand, it was objected that the new tax would not fall on all the coal-owners, but only on those concerned in the export trade, and that it would injuriously affect the interests of one section of the miners. Alluding to the threat of a general strike of miners against the duty, Sir Edward Grey admitted that such an ultimatum would be tantamount to "civil war."

Mr. McHugh, member for North Leitrim, having gone to prison for the offence of seditious libel on an Irish jury, his colleagues discussed the question of Irish jury-packing with great warmth. The Government took up the position that, unless the right of challenge were exercised, no jury in certain parts of Ireland could be found to convict in cases of intimidation even on the plainest evidence. Mr. T. W. Russell, who is now an independent member, agreed with this view, but urged the Government to make such a jury system unnecessary by settling the Irish land question.

Sir John Gorst explained the provisions of a new Education Bill, which is to establish as the single local educational authority the committee of the County Council or County Borough. This body is to have the power of levying a rate of twopence in the pound for the purposes of secondary and technical education, and especially for providing funds to carry on continuation schools. The committee will be composed of members of the County or Borough Council, and *ex-officio* members both male and female. The new Bill was read a first time after a discussion, in which it was described by Mr. Bryce as "gigantic and complex." The financial provisions appeared to excite considerable hostility.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE NIGHT OF THE PARTY," AT THE AVENUE.

But for the author's own clever representation of a valet masquerading as a gentleman, but for the feverish bustle of a merry last act in which servant and employer change places for the latter's benefit, no very favourable reception might have been accorded Mr. Weedon Grossmith's ingenious Avenue farce, "The Night of the Party." For the play has many faults—a dull second act, a fatiguingly complex intrigue, a hackneyed central idea, a tiresome reliance on stupid catchwords, an uninteresting set of feminine characters, as well as incidental material, blackmailing, innuendo, etc., that is by no means pretty. Still, the piece is furnished with a good sensational opening—to wit, a "lackeys' carnival," interrupted by the householder's unexpected return and a midnight interview of bachelor and married lady, overheard by half-a-dozen hidden servants. The pranks of the valet, impersonating his master, whether he be involving him in predicaments at a country hotel or finally relieving all his embarrassments in his town flat, are always extremely laughable, and the Avenue playwright manages far better than did Mr. Henry Arthur Jones recently, to catch the atmosphere of the servants' hall and to present the servants' standpoint. Practically, however, the whole burden of the farce's interpretation rests on the shoulders of Mr. Weedon Grossmith; for though, in minor rôles, Mr. Oscar Adye and Mr. Sydney Paxton give their manager energetic assistance, none of his female supporters seem able to make much of their parts; and it is the consummate impudence, the superb imperturbability, of Mr. Grossmith's valet which alone provides at the Avenue consistent and delightful entertainment.

"A WOMAN IN THE CASE," AT THE COURT.

There is a famous comedy of the Scribe school which is one long scramble after "A Scrap of Paper." Just such another amusing game of "hide and seek" or "hunt the slipper" is the play of Messrs. Sims and Merrick with which Mr. Fred Kerr and Mr. Brickwell have reopened the Court Theatre. But in the present instance the article of general desire is not a note, but a cigar-case, and such is the "case" in which the "woman" of the title, or rather her portrait, is contained. Naturally, in dramatic work of this manufactured kind all that can be demanded of the authors is that they shall pass the particular object briskly from hand to hand, and supply fairly plausible reasons for each person's anxiety to secure it. Well, it may be granted that the Court dramatists have shown all the necessary mechanical ingenuity, but they may also be credited with some dexterity in varying the ordinary types of stage convention. The woman novelist who is irritated over her husband's lack of a "past," and her tolerant, easy-going, common-sense husband, the hard match-making mother and her timid yet rebellious daughter, the German Baron who is to buy this young lady in marriage, and the hearty soldier who is at once secret lover of the girl and owner of the cigar-case, are characters which permit their able interpreters—Miss Gertrude Kingston and Mr. Frederick Kerr, Miss Carlotta Addison and Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis, Mr. Denny and even Mr. James Erskine—to display some measure of subtlety.

The popular excursions from London to Henley by the Great Western Railway, and thence by steam-launch to Pangbourne or Cliveden Woods, will commence on Saturday, May 18, for the season. On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays the launch will run from Henley to Cliveden Woods, and on Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Sundays from Henley to Pangbourne.

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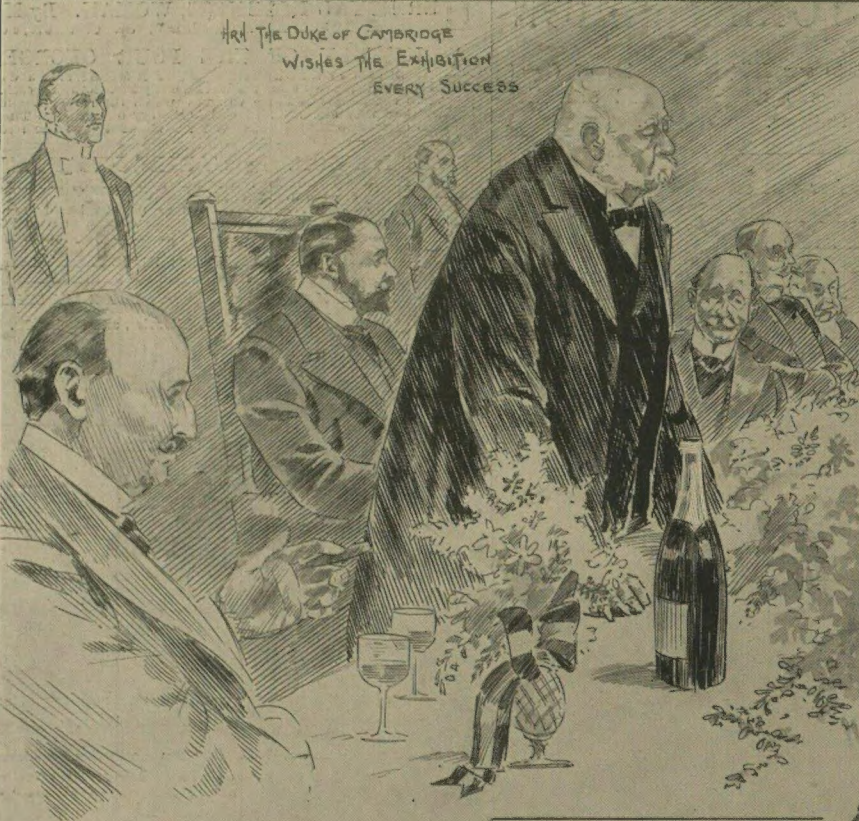
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HISTORICAL MILITARY SPECTACLE
SCENE 2. THE ALARM



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MILITARY
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HIS HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE
WISHES THE EXHIBITION
EVERY SUCCESS



A RIDE
ON THE
TOY RAILWAY



AN OLD
FAVOURITE.



HISTORICAL MILITARY SPECTACLE

SCENE IV.
THE AMERICAN TROOPS STORMING
THE WALLS—

SKETCHES AT THE OPENING OF THE MILITARY EXHIBITION AT EARL'S COURT.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "OPHIR."

The reception given by Melbourne to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York is accepted indeed as a manifestation of loyalty to the Throne and of popular appreciation of the reigning family—but also as something more. It ranks as a great public ratification of the Imperialist policy which has federated Australia. Doubts as to the general acceptability of that policy were dissipated in the minds of all onlookers by the mighty welcome given the heir to the Crown on his coming to inaugurate the Commonwealth.

The Illustrations which reach us from Colombo recall us to an earlier stage of the historic voyage. The fuller accounts received by letter more than confirm the telegraphic records of the enthusiasm which greeted the Duke and Duchess when they touched land on April 12 after leaving it at Aden. The town decked itself with that additional zest which comes from a consciousness of the suitability of the setting. Under that blue dome, and in the midst

key with which she formally opened the building. That work over, the Duke and Duchess went to the City Chambers, where they received the Freedom of the City—the Princess being the first lady to be "a burgess and guild sister." Luncheon followed, at which the Duke again spoke, replying to the toast of the Princess's health and his own, and proposing that of "Success to the Glasgow International Exhibition of 1901."

A RUINED CHINESE TEMPLE.

Describing his picture of a ruined joss-house, our Special Artist writes: The village to which the temple belongs is two days' journey up the Pei-ho from Tientsin, and the place had been looted and burnt by the Russian and German soldiery. The only guardian of the temple was a half-starved priest. On his appearance, the

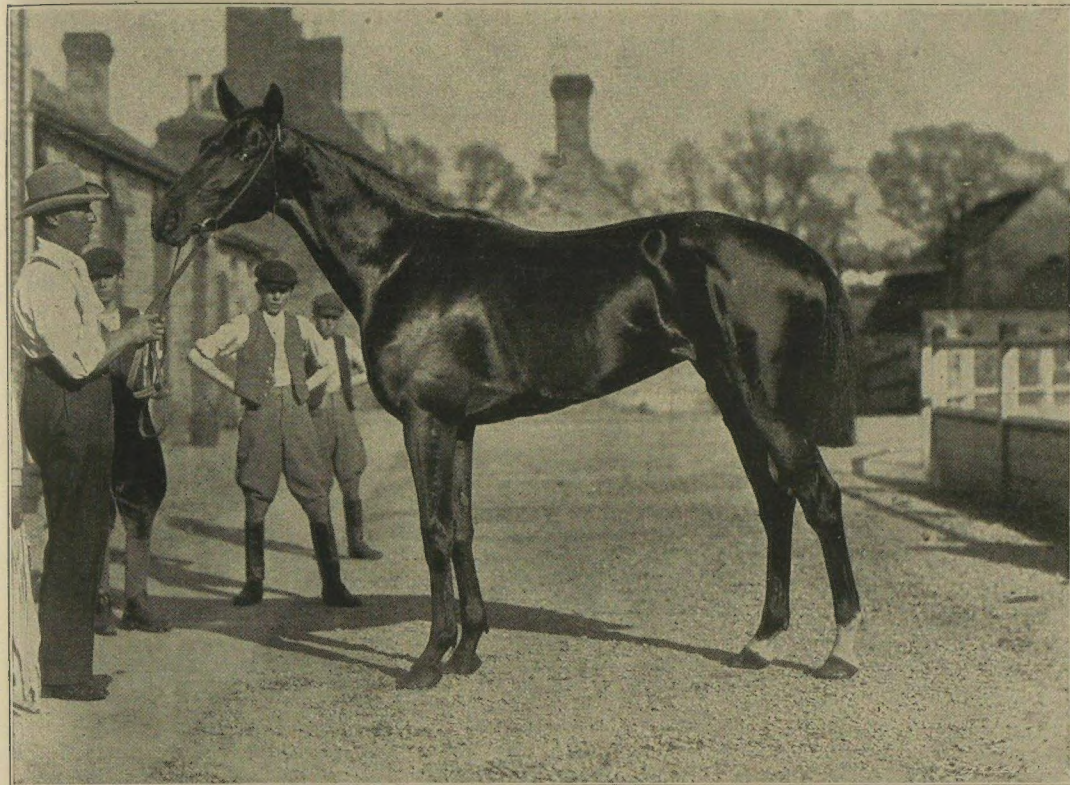


Photo. F. A. Baker.

THE WINNER OF THE ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS, AIDA, THE PROPERTY OF SIR J. MILLER.

The race was run on May 3.

of that palpitating sunshine, the gayest colours took their values and relations, falling into place as decorations rarely do beneath leaden skies. The people, too, were part of the picturesque scene, by right of their colour and their costumes. The Triumphal Arch under which the Duke and Duchess passed did therefore, in this instance, deserve its name. It was a little triumph of decoration, making a sort of climax for all minor manifestations of the kind, and properly according with the atmosphere and the accessories. Various addresses were read to the royal visitors before they departed by special train for Kandy in the course of the afternoon.

THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION.

The opening of "the first International Exhibition of the century" made Glasgow a gay city last week. The Prince and Princess of Wales, before the Queen's death, promised to perform the task, which the King and Queen, in time of mourning, naturally delegated to another. The choice of the Princess Royal, who by her marriage with the Duke of Fife closely allied herself to Scotland, was particularly happy. The Duke and Duchess of Fife travelled from London on Wednesday, the 1st, reaching Glasgow in the evening, and proceeding at once to Renfrew, near to which lies Blythwood House, where they were to stay. The streets were crowded with welcoming inhabitants, and in front of the Town Hall Provost Cumming presented an address, which was enclosed in an octagonal gold casket, bearing the arms of the royal borough. The Duke made a suitable reply, assuring the people of Renfrew that their loyalty should be duly reported to the King. Glasgow itself flew thousands of flags the next day, when the royal party arrived at St. Enoch's Station. The Lord Provost, the Duke and Duchess of Montrose, the Marquis of Graham, the Marquis of Breadalbane, the Earl of Eglinton, Lord Newlands, and Lord and Lady Inverclyde were among the party on the platform, and the Princess had no sooner alighted than the daughter of Bailie Cleland, the Senior Magistrate, stepped forward to present her with a bouquet of flowers. Then a cavalcade of about twenty carriages drove through the streets, with an escort of Scots Greys, to Kelvingrove Park. The Grand Hall of the Exhibition, the rafters of which rang with the strains of the National Anthem, was then the scene of another presentation. Lord Blythwood read the address, a very full one, with a gorgeous casket for its shrine, and the Duke again made reply. After that the Lord Provost presented the Princess with a miniature casket as a souvenir of the ceremony. A few further words of acknowledgment from the Duke were followed by the pronouncement, made in a loud voice: "In the name of the King, I have the honour to declare the Glasgow International Exhibition open, and to express his Majesty's best wishes for its success." Leaving the Grand Hall, the royal party proceeded to the Fine Art Galleries, where the Princess was presented with a gold



ENGRAVING AFTER REYNOLDS'S "MRS. CARNAC."

Sold for 1160 Guineas.

soldiers dubbed him "the living skeleton," and did not molest him, some

to occupy Tucker's and Darrel Islands, which lie between Somerset Island and Hamilton, the present capital of the group. These two islands have been taken by the Government, and the crops have been bought as they stand. The ground has been prepared for the reception of the captive burghers, and will be guarded by an extra regiment.

THE MILITARY EXHIBITION.

The Military Exhibition at Earl's Court was opened a week ago by the Duke of Cambridge, who said that it did enormous credit to those who had organised it, a sentiment which Mr. Imre Kiralfy was present to hear and to apply. Also present at the opening were Earl Roberts, Lord Burton, General Sir M. Biddulph, General Sir Andrew Clark, Lieutenant-General Sir Drury Lowe, Admiral Fitz-George, Sir George Wombwell, and Sir Hiram Maxim. At the luncheon which followed the opening, the Duke of Cambridge remarked that such an exhibition was of importance, not in the interests of war, but in the interests of peace. "When you look at what is presented here, you will say that the less these appliances have to be tested, the better and more agreeable it will be for the individual." At any rate, it is certain that one way to avoid war is to be well prepared for it; and to that pacific end the great display at Earl's Court, and the public interest it is certain to arouse in military details, is very likely to conduce.

RECORD-PRICE FOR A PRINT.

At a recent sale of engravings of the Early English school at Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, a fine plate by J. R. Smith, after Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Mrs. Carnac," fetched the price of 1160 guineas. The amount realised constitutes, in the sporting phrase, a "record" in prices for engravings. The impression was in its first published state.

BOER PRISONERS FOR BERMUDA.

Bermuda has been considerably excited over the expected arrival of 1700 Boer prisoners. The enforced visitors are



THE DEPORTATION OF BOER PRISONERS TO THE BERMUDAS: PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE ISLANDS.

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK'S ARRIVAL AT COLOMBO, APRIL 12.

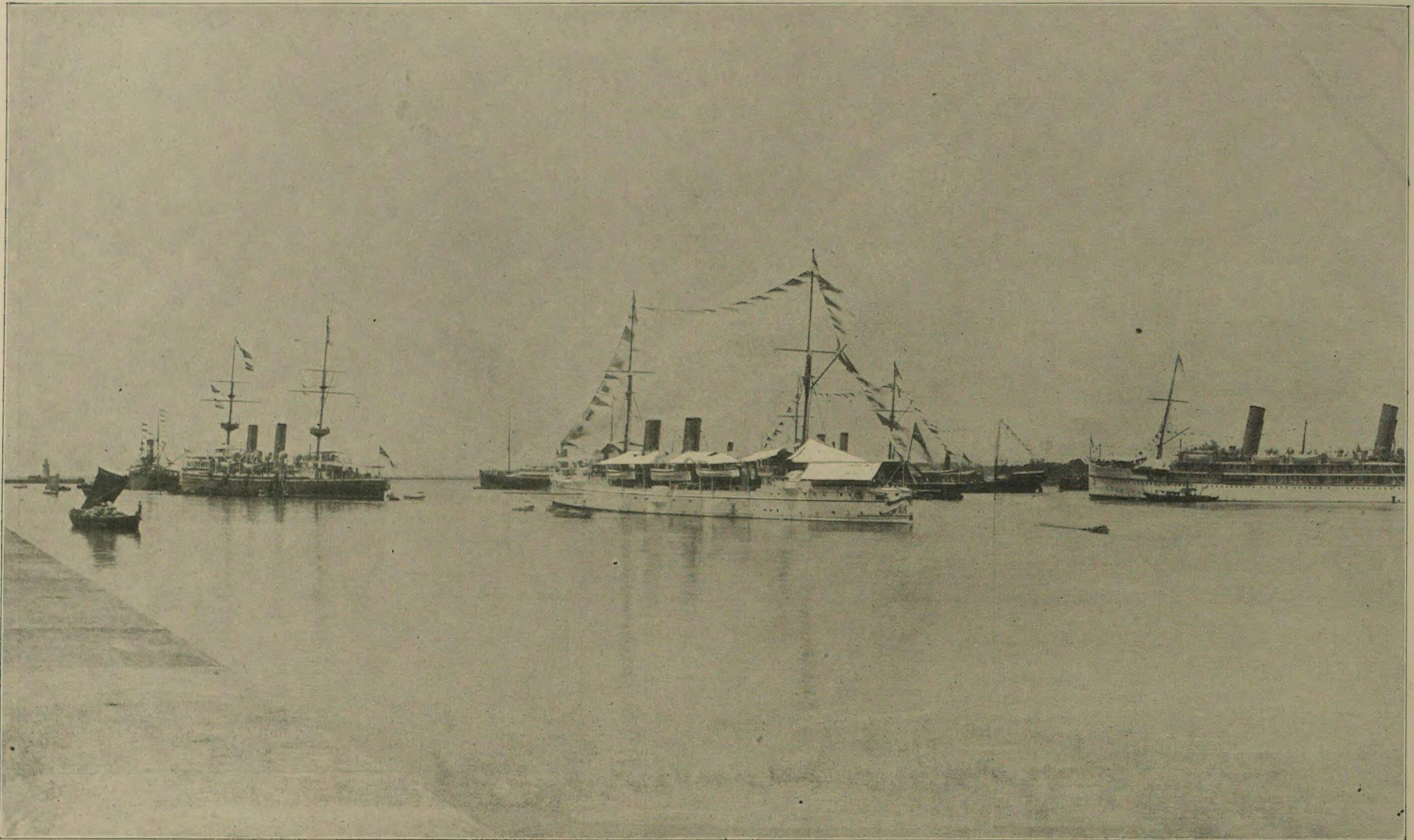
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SKEEN AND CO., COLOMBO.

H.M.S. Juno.

H.M.S. Marathon.

H.M.S. St. George.

H.M.S. Ophir.



[Picture continued on opposite page.]

PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE "OPHIR," WITH THE ESCORTING MEN-OF-WAR, AND MEN-OF-WAR OF THE EAST INDIA STATION, IN COLOMBO HARBOUR.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS ON THEIR WAY TO FORT STATION EN ROUTE FOR KANDY.

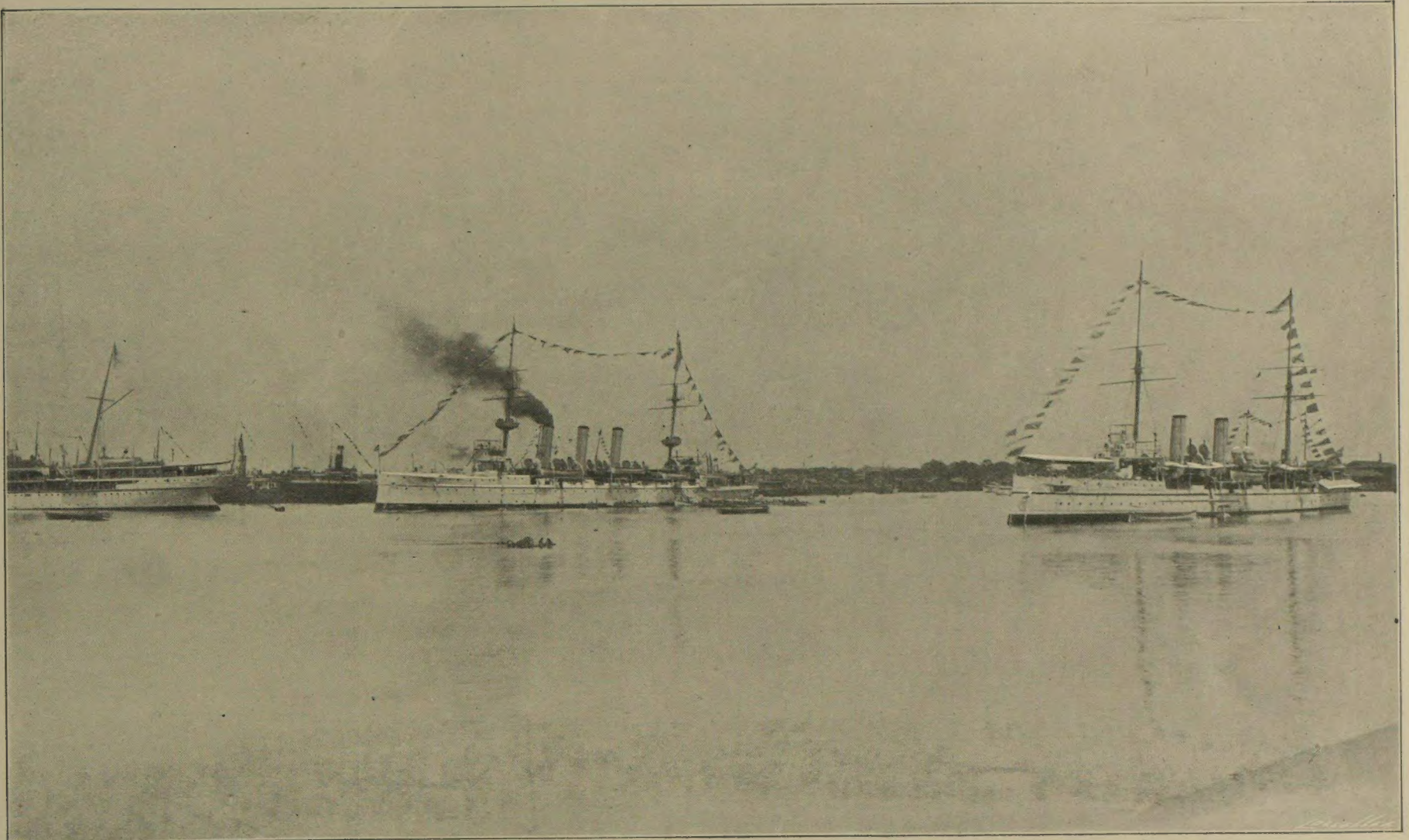
The royal party landed at 1.15, and proceeded straight on to the Fort Station, without making a halt in Colombo.

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK'S ARRIVAL AT COLOMBO, APRIL 12.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SKEEN AND CO., COLOMBO.

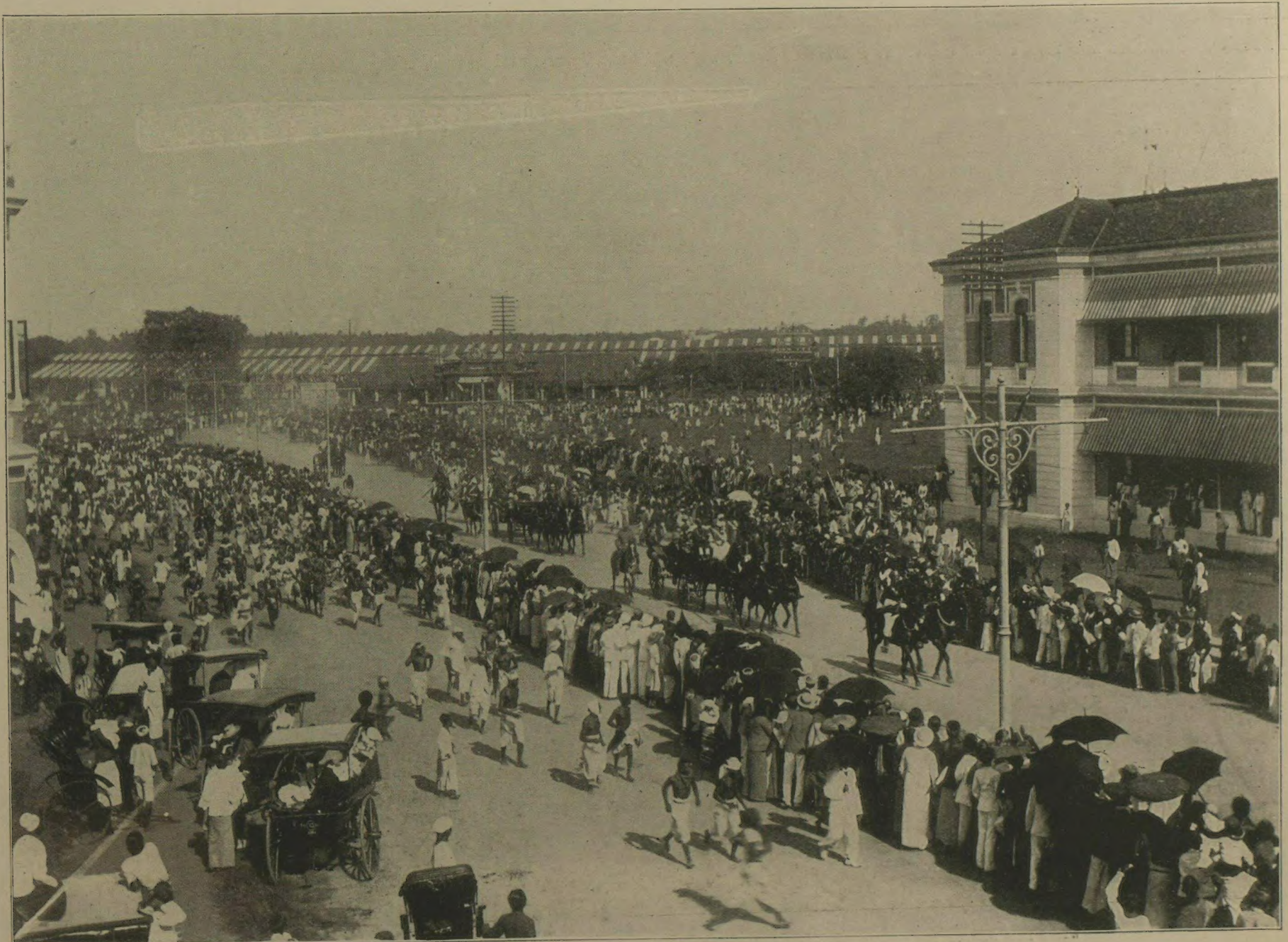
H.M.S. Highflyer.

H.M.S. Pomone.



[Picture continued from opposite page.]

PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE "OPHIR," WITH THE ESCORTING MEN-OF-WAR, AND MEN-OF-WAR OF THE EAST INDIA STATION, IN COLOMBO HARBOUR.



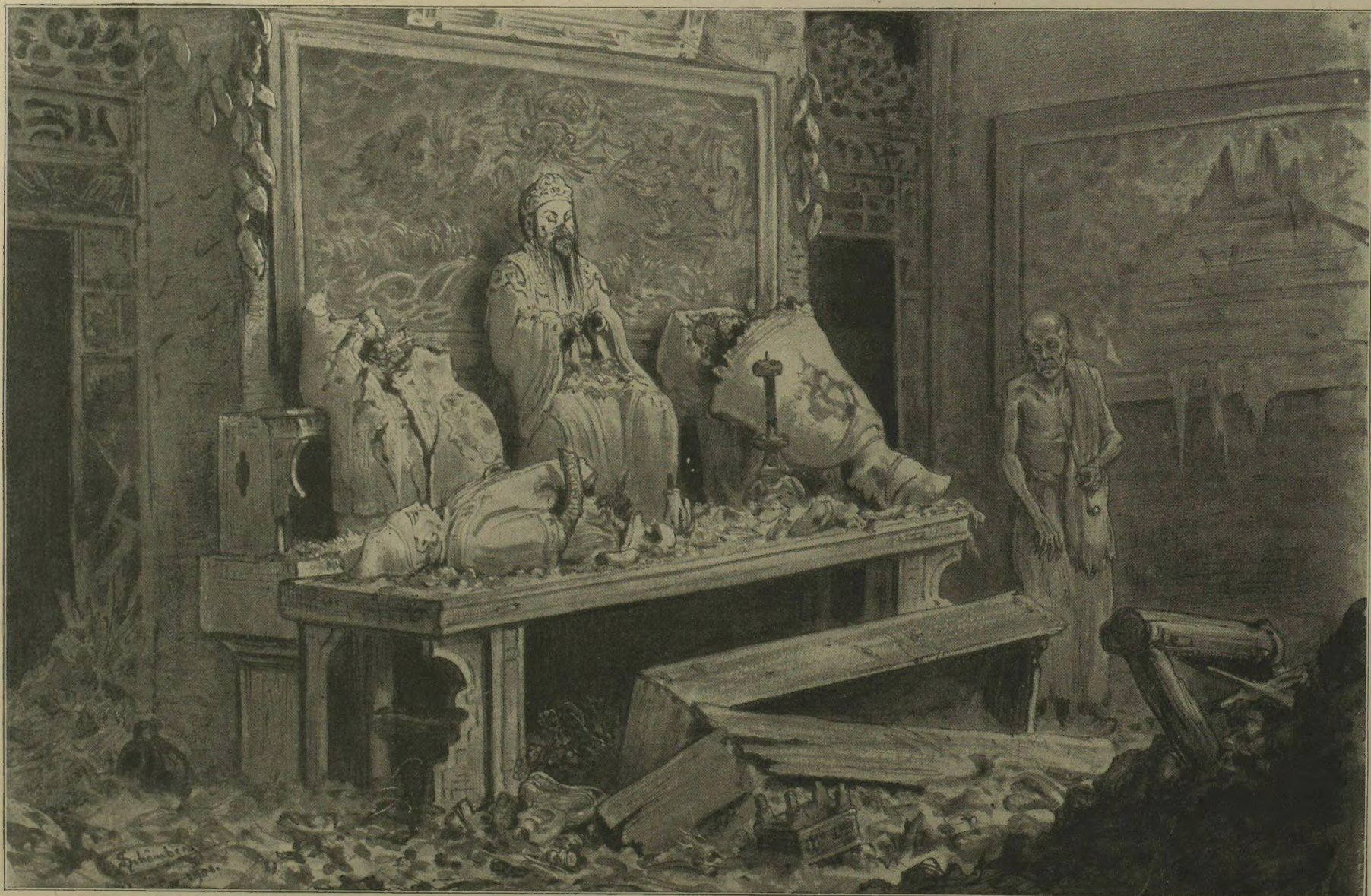
THE ROYAL PROCESSION PASSING ALONG CHATHAM STREET, COLOMBO, APRIL 15.

The Duke and Duchess, on arriving at Fort Station from Kandy, drove to Queen's House.



Photo. Steen and Co., Colombo.

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK'S COLONIAL TOUR: THE ROYAL PARTY, WITH HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR, STARTING FROM COLOMBO FOR QUEEN'S HOUSE.



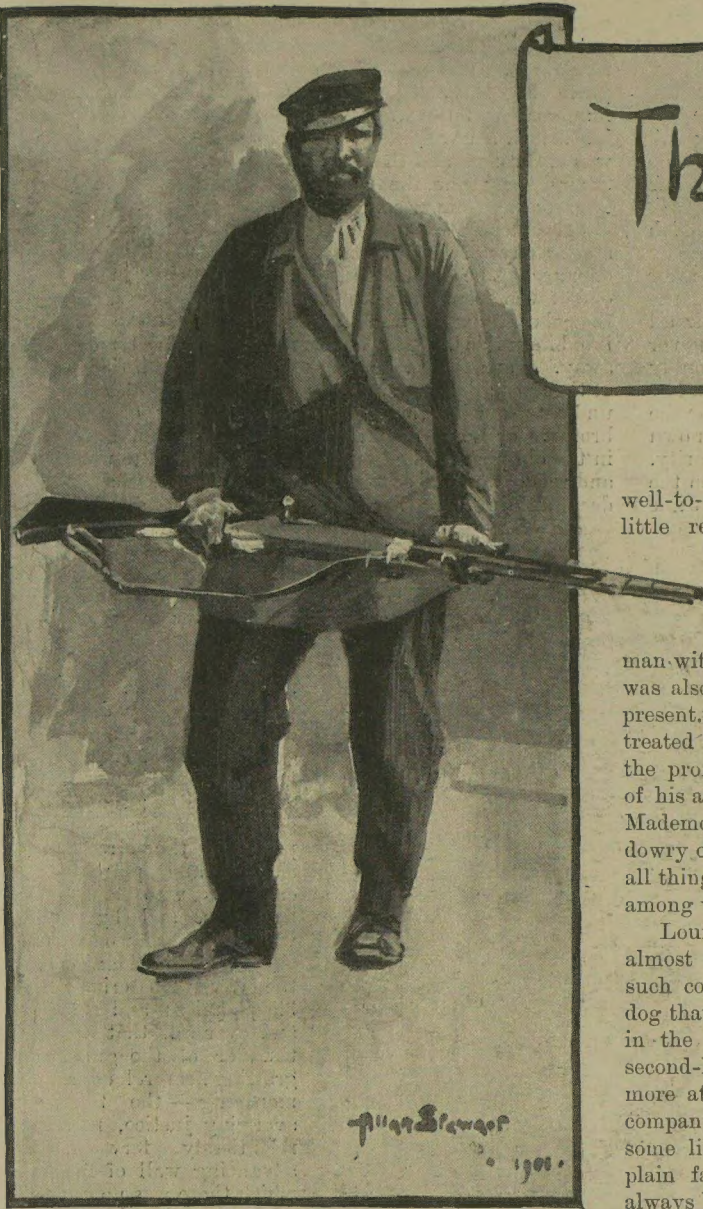
WITH THE ALLIED FORCES IN CHINA: A RUINED JOSS-HOUSE AND ITS GUARDIAN, A STARVING PRIEST.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MR. JOHN SCHÖNBERG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CHINA.

The Restaurant Bergeret

by Molly Elliot Seawell.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALLAN STEWART.



well-to-do, having made money in their homely, clean little restaurant in a quiet street off the Faubourg St. Antoine; and their three sons and their only daughter, Lisette, were all that parents could desire.

Pierre Dumont, the handsome young gentleman with a silk hat and wearing a flower in his buttonhole, was also quite satisfied with himself and all the world at present. It is true he had heretofore considered the world had treated him with horrible shabbiness in forcing him into the profession of a journeyman baker; but as the duties of his art, as he called it, had brought him in contact with Mademoiselle Lisette Bergeret, who had the enormous dowry of fifteen thousand francs, he began to think that all things worked together for the good of the righteous, among whom he counted Pierre Dumont.

Louis Roche, the other young man at the table, was almost stunned by his good fortune in finding himself in such company at all. He was by no means the elegant dog that Pierre was, although in the same trade and even in the same bakery as Pierre. His coat was a cheap second-hand one, and he would readily have felt much more at home in a blouse, but for the splendour of the company in which he found himself. Louis was not handsome like Pierre, although his figure was good and his plain face intelligent; and, unlike Pierre, he had not always been able to spend all his wages on himself. For many years he was the sole support of his helpless parents, and ever since their death he had pinched himself cruelly to pay off some debts. Louis's expectations in this life were not rosy, until one day he was sent on a professional errand to the Restaurant Bergeret, and he diffidently asked Mamma Bergeret if she knew of

a decent, cheap lodging for a respectable young man. Madame Bergeret replied that she had a little closet of a room she would be glad to let, since her youngest boy, Auguste, had gone to do his military service—and if Papa Bergeret had no objection, she would be glad to let Louis have it for fifteen francs the month.

Poor Louis could scarcely persuade himself that Papa Bergeret would *not* object to him, or that some untoward accident would not keep him out of that heavenly room under the same roof with Lisette. But nothing did happen to prevent, and he had then been domiciled with the Bergerets six months. His conduct had been so unexceptionable that he had been invited to assist at Lisette's fête.

And Lisette herself—she showed no trace of her peasant ancestry in her slight figure and delicate face, nor yet was in the least like the smart milliners' apprentices and shop-girls of her class; nor could it be said she looked like the ladies who lolled in their carriages through the Bois of an afternoon. In short, she was like Lisette, and only Lisette. Her complexion was of a healthy, creamy pallor, and she had very soft, black eyes, matching the purplish blackness of her hair, which shone against the little white hat she wore and the muslin fichu around her throat. Lisette was not only the delight of her parents' eyes, but of a great many young men too, who were naturally struck by the combination of beauty, money, and merit. However, she showed some hesitation at the notion of marriage, and Papa and Mamma Bergeret were not averse to keeping their only daughter with them a while longer, knowing that a woman with fifteen thousand francs would be having offers as long as she lived. Everybody in the quarter had already disposed of her to the dashing Pierre, but Mamma and Papa Bergeret knew that Lisette did not and

THE June air was sweet in the pleasant garden of the Inn of the Angel at Neuilly, and the company assembled around a table in the grape-arbour were extremely comfortable, and had reason to be. First came Papa and Mamma Bergeret, who sat together. They were



"I, for one," he declared, striking his moustache and imperial as he had seen the Emperor do at reviews, "cannot live outside of Paris."

never would care a farthing for Pierre. They did not know, however, that the excellent, steady, plain-faced Louis was much more agreeable to her than he or anybody else suspected.

Lisette had thoroughly enjoyed her fête-day. It was the June of 1870, and Paris was in imperial splendour—and the party at Neuilly were congratulating themselves on being citizens of no mean city, and on the stability of the Second Empire, which was immensely popular with the working classes until they took a notion to destroy it. Pierre Dumont was holding forth. He had a great flow of language, and to listen to him one would think him a professor at the Sorbonne, instead of being a journeyman baker.

"I, for one," he declared, stroking his moustache and imperial as he had seen the Emperor do at reviews, "cannot live outside of Paris. Some persons can. Some can live at Marseilles; some at Lyons—I do not speak of the millions who merely exist. I am not one of them. I not only love the theatres, the museums, the libraries of Paris"—Pierre passed for an orator as well as a man of fashion in his quarter—"but I love the smell of the mud in the Paris streets; I like the sight of linen drying on the roofs of the houses. The milk one gets from the Paris milkman has a kind of metropolitan flavour, very superior to the insipid stuff straight from the cow, which I tasted the time I spent two days in the country near Rouen. In short, I am a Parisian. I have an idea that Heaven is much like Paris!"

Louis was no match for Pierre in talking, though what he said was sensible, if brief; and, unlike the majority of his sex, he thought so extravagantly of his rival's charms that he did not see how Lisette could resist such an accomplished fellow as Pierre. He had not really dared to aspire to Lisette at any time, but all during that day he so felt his inferiority to Pierre that he steadfastly put aside as far as he could all thought of Lisette and devoted himself quietly to the old people. It fell out, however—so blind is the poor human nature—that never had Lisette been so weary of Pierre's vapourings and airs; never had Louis's simple manliness seemed more attractive; and for the first time Papa and Mamma Bergeret had intimated one to the other that they might do worse with their daughter than give her to this worthy, industrious Louis, who had been so good to his parents—filial piety ranks high in France—and who would, no doubt, make a model son-in-law; and they might set him up in business, in which his industry would certainly succeed.

In the midst of Pierre's oration the band in the pavilion struck up; and, to that young gentleman's surprise and disgust, Lisette and Louis suddenly vanished from the table, and in another moment were waltzing around merrily to the music. Nevertheless, it was a pleasant day, on the whole, for all of them, until they got back to the restaurant, where Pierre and Louis found awaiting them notifications that their corps was to be mobilised at once, and they must report within twenty-four hours. And after that events came so fast tumbling over each other as it were, that it seemed to Lisette as if the planet had fallen out of its orbit and was careering wildly through space, with everything topsy-turvy on it. And one morning in July, one dreadful morning, with the women's hearts breaking to the air of the "Marseillaise" as it clanged forth from hundreds of palpitating brazen bands, Louis and Pierre marched away in a foot regiment. Lisette saw Louis go, waving her handkerchief and smiling through her tears; she knew there would be plenty of time to cry when all were gone—and she had seen the three brothers march away before that.

Lisette and her mother returned to the restaurant, where Papa Bergeret awaited them eagerly, rubbing his hands in enjoyment at the notion of the way those pigs of Prussians would fly from the brave soldiers of France. After a while Lisette slipped up to her room, whither her mother followed her, and the two women, falling into each other's arms, wept heartily and bitterly, Lisette sobbing—

"I shall never see him again—I know it—I feel it—I see it!"

"Which?" asked Madame Bergeret, her heart standing still for fear it should be Pierre, for whom she had no great liking.

"Louis," whispered Lisette, raising her lovely, miserable eyes to her mother's face.

Madame Bergeret caught her child closer.

"Is it Louis, then? An admirable young man. Why didn't you tell your old mother this before, my child? Everything might have been arranged."

Lisette shook her head, and a deep crimson took the place of paleness.

"I—I could not. I thought perhaps he would speak."

At all events, it was too late then; but Madame Bergeret privately made up her mind that if Louis returned from the war he should be her son-in-law.

In September came those awful calamities with which the world is familiar; and then the bombardment of Paris by the Germans and the starving of the people; and after that, a thousand times worse than all, the horrors of the Commune. The Bergerets, good souls, divided their all with their poorer neighbours. The restaurant was never closed a day, though often there was nothing but mouldy beans and horseflesh to serve. But it was sold at a low price, and very often given away to the poor and to the children. Lisette became an angel of mercy, and by her own wish five thousand francs of her dowry was given in charity.

Between that fateful March morning in 1871, when the Prussians marched into Paris, and the pleasant June

but with a pale, glorified loveliness, a beauty grave and sad, such as sorrow and courage give. In March there was a little gleam of hope after Paris surrendered to the foreigners. The people had suffered so much that even the peace of defeat and overthrow was a relief to them. But immediately following this came a time of such horror, bloodshed, starvation, crime and humiliation, when murder was enthroned and the gospel of destruction preached by the red Commune, that the worst which had gone before was tolerable by comparison.

The steady advance of the Versailles Army in those spring days of 1871 brought havoc to friends as well as enemies. The Restaurant Bergeret was just in line with one of the great batteries of the invading army, and soon the whole quarter was in ruins. Most of the wretched inhabitants fled. The Bergerets had resolved not to run away. Papa Bergeret clung to the house with the tenacity of the aged; Mamma and Lisette, without speaking a word, understood why they stayed—in case any of the three brothers or Louis should come back, they would find them in the old place. The house, however, was quite untenable, and was battered about their ears. The cellar was large and deep, and into this they moved themselves and such household belongings and miserable supplies as they had. And in spite of their own terrors, dangers, and privations, they were always giving a helping hand to someone more wretched than themselves.

As the May days went on, Paris became a hell. The dense cloud of smoke from burning buildings made the fair day dark; the air was acrid with the smell of powder; the streets barricaded and patrolled by creatures who looked like gaolbirds, and by women who had lost all womanhood, and who filled the night and the day with crimes and blasphemies; and above all and over all, that ceaseless thunder of the guns, ever growing nearer, louder, more menacing—the tocsin of avenging justice, marching relentlessly forward, an advancing wall of fire from which there was no escape.

In those last days of May things became so terrible that the Bergerets, huddled together in the large, cold, dim, dank cellar, scarcely knew day from night or were conscious of the cycles of time. And one dreadful hour, they knew not whether it was morning or afternoon except that it was dusky and the sun as red as blood, shone dully through vast clouds of smoke—a band of ruffians broke into their wretched abode and carried off Papa Bergeret. The old man protested feebly.

"I have always been a good citizen; I never committed a crime in my life. What does the Committee of Public Safety want with me?"

"We want each and all of the bloated capitalists," cried one villain with a red sash around his waist. "It is such miserable money-getting wretches as you that it is the mission of the Commune to exterminate!"

Papa Bergeret looked about him, dazed.

"I—I—must remain and protect my family," he said. "My wife—my young daughter, surely, gentlemen!"—the poor old man was quite bewildered when he called the wretches sent to arrest him "gentlemen"—

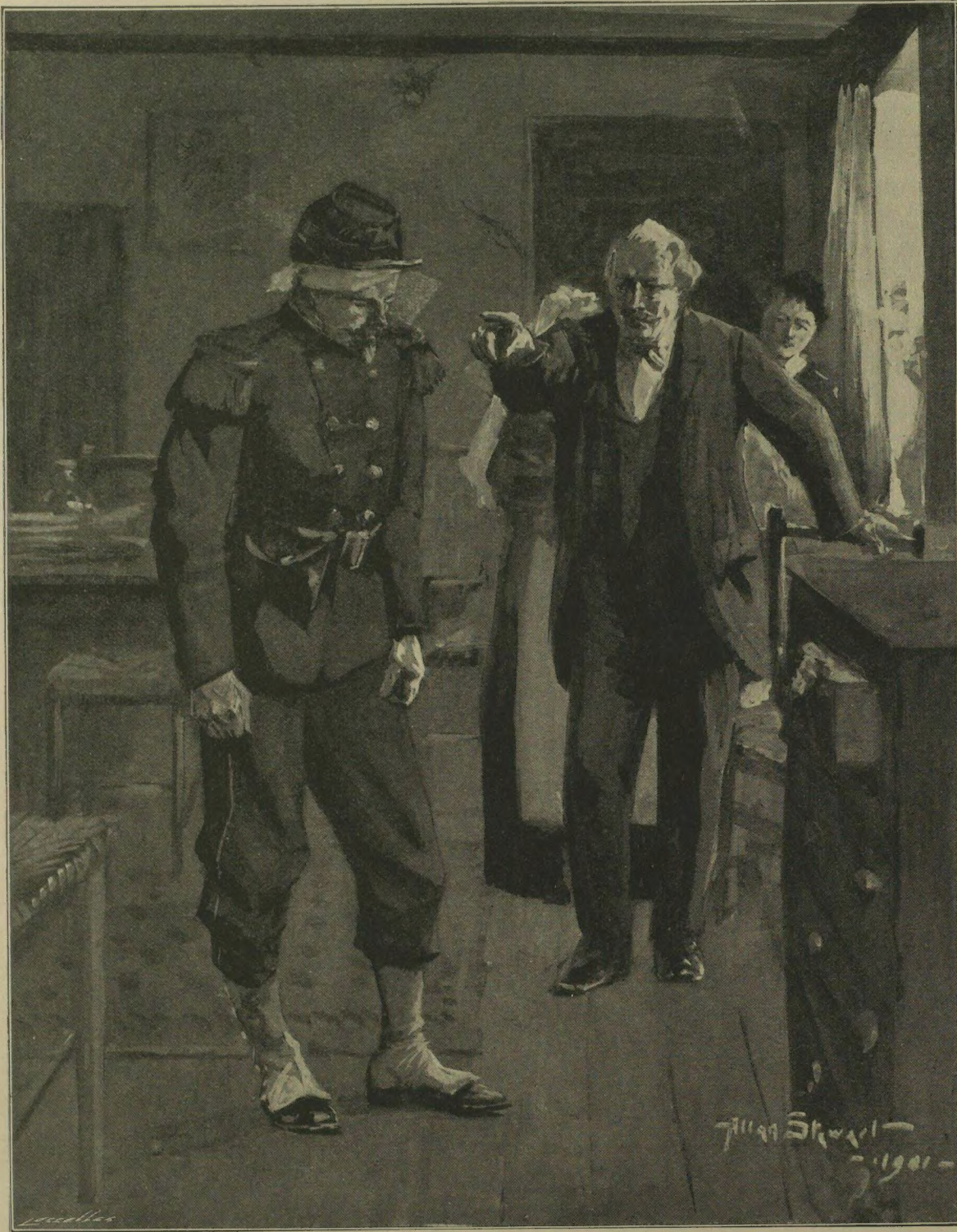
"I beg you to believe that I am more concerned for them than for myself."

"True, true!" cried Mamma Bergeret, "he is an excellent man, gentlemen; the best of husbands and fathers."

For answer they dragged him away.

This last stroke was more than poor human nature could bear. The mother and daughter, clasped in each other's arms, were dumb and stunned with misery. Until then they had fallen on their knees and prayed when terrors appalled them; but now the great God in Heaven seemed dethroned, and there was no more help and comfort.

While they stood thus, in a voiceless agony, they presently became conscious of a new sound, horribly jarring upon them. It was a brass band swaggering through the ruined streets playing to the accompaniment of the shrieking shells and steady cannonade. The two women involuntarily turned their heads toward the narrow slit that served for a window, and through it they saw a company of ragamuffin Communists parading in drunken disorder. Between two files marched a line of a dozen or two captured soldiers of the line. They were sad-enough-looking objects; some of them had their heads or their arms bound up, and all looked worn and haggard, but they marched like soldiers, and their captors marched like gaolbirds by them.



"Pierre Dumont, where is Louis Roche?"

afternoon of the year before, in the garden of the Angel Inn, centuries seemed to have rolled. Not only things, but people were changed. Papa Bergeret, who had only a few streaks of grey in his hair the year before, was now white-headed, and walked with a stick. Mamma Bergeret, who had been stout, and a little disposed to be inactive, was now thin. Everybody left in Paris was thin, and was restlessly active. The poor soul's three sons were in the army, and ever, by day and night in the restaurant, in the little parlour upstairs, in church, at all times and seasons, she saw those three faces before her—especially that of Auguste, the youngest. She had heard from them in December: all three were living then, but she knew not if any were living in March. As for Lisette, she had become a mere shadow of herself. Besides the three brothers, whom she dearly loved, and the sorrows of her country—for she was a true Frenchwoman—she had some one else to be anxious about, and that was Louis Roche. Not one line had come from him since the July morning he had marched away. Sometimes Lisette thought if she could but have news of her brothers and Louis, that starving would be easy, and after the first of January they were always on the verge of starvation.

Lisette had been a remarkably pretty girl, and even after the anguish of those months and the scanty food and the nights broken by bombardments she was still pretty,

Suddenly, as Lisette and her mother were listlessly watching, a cry burst from the lips of each at the same moment. The man at the end of the file of prisoners was Louis Roche, and the man next him was Pierre Dumont. Pierre had a bandage across his left eye, while Louis limped as he walked. Both men, without turning their heads, glanced at the old house, now half ruined, in which they had lived. Seeing this, the officer in charge called out savagely: "Eyes right!" and struck them with the flat of his sword.

Lisette remembered no more. There were, as yet, four days between them and the morning of the last Sunday in May, when for the first time in many weeks the hail of shot and shell ceased. In after years those four days were a blank to both Lisette and Madame Bergeret. They ate and slept a little, so that life was maintained, but the only clear recollection they had was clinging together in cold and darkness, without power to speak, to move, even to think. On the blessed Sunday morning there was a strange quietness over everything, and somewhere in the far distance a church bell rang out softly and sweetly—so softly and so sweetly that it seemed to come from another world. There had been no church bells under the Commune. The sound, so new, so strange, so eloquent of the bygone peaceful time that

"Pierre Dumont, where is Louis Roche?"

Pierre seemed literally to wilt under that question. He shuffled from one foot to the other; he looked behind him furtively, as if about to run away; but at last, summoning all his coward's courage, he said, with an affectation of wiping his eyes—

"Poor, poor Louis! There was a good man. We were put in the same cell at the Bicêtre. On Thursday they took him out and shot him!"

Not a cry or a sound escaped Lisette. She stood perfectly still, her black eyes shining with an unearthly light in her pale face. And then the old father, rising from his chair, pointed a trembling finger towards Pierre, and cried, in a terrible voice—

"And I know why he died! You, Pierre Dumont, scoundrel, liar, and coward, told him you and my child loved each other and were to be married. And Louis, who loved her too, seeing that no effort was made to identify the prisoners, proposed, when the names were called out of those to be shot, that he should answer for you, so that possibly you might escape and marry my child."

"You made some half-hearted protest—but when the guard came to your cell and called out 'Pierre Dumont' you let Louis Roche walk out. They did not call for

ECCLIESIASTICAL NOTES.

The anniversary meetings of the Church Missionary Society passed off last week with brilliant success. The most encouraging announcement made at the Exeter Hall meeting was that of the anonymous gift of £10,000, which will nearly cover the deficit remaining over from last year. The society's report is a wonderful record of patient and persistent progress. The field which is still most disappointing is the Soudan, where missionaries are not, as yet, allowed to work.

It is probable that one of the first cathedrals of the twentieth century will be erected in Liverpool. The scheme is exciting much interest among the wealthiest citizens, and large subscriptions have been promised towards the erection of a really fine building. Bishop Chavasse has thrown his whole heart into the project.

One of the most interesting speakers at the May Meetings was Bishop Juan B. Cabrera, who preached last week the annual sermon for the Spanish and Portuguese Church Aid Society. The Bishop was ordained priest in 1862 by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Valencia, and was exiled from 1863 until 1868, when more tolerant religious laws came into force in Spain. Since that time he has been working for the spread of Protestantism in his



Photo. Gregory.

THE FIRST SAIL OF "SHAMROCK II." THE NEW CHALLENGER LEADING "SHAMROCK I." IN SOUTHAMPTON WATER.

At the end of the sail, during which "Shamrock II." gave general satisfaction, the yacht ran aground on a mud bank near Ryde. She was, however, floated and towed back to her moorings, apparently uninjured.

seemed ages past, brought both the mother and the daughter to tears. They had not wept for so long that they had almost forgotten tears, as they had completely forgotten laughter. And then they heard a tottering step outside; and Lisette, running to move away from the door a chair and a table with which she had feebly barricaded it, opened it and caught Papa Bergeret in her arms.

The old man, supported by his wife and daughter, and showered with tears and kisses and prayers of thanksgiving, made his way to a chair and sat down. Something in his face awed his wife and child: he looked like a man who had seen into another world.

The mother's lips framed the words: "Our sons?"

Papa Bergeret shook his head.

"I know nothing of our children," he said. "I have been in the Bicêtre Prison. My cell was next to one in which Louis and—and Pierre were placed. I could hear them talking."

He stopped and wiped his brow and sighed. As he sat there, groaning heavily, and trying to tell something which faltered upon his tongue, another step was heard, and Pierre Dumont walked in.

The old man, a type of the prosperous, kindly bourgeois overwhelmed with strange calamity, suddenly assumed another character.

He sat straight up in his chair, his eyes grew stern, and he raised an accusing hand as he sternly asked—

Louis Roche—perhaps they meant him for another day. I beat upon the wall and called and shouted that you should be shot, too—but they paid no attention to me. And in half an hour Louis Roche lay dead in the prison-yard, and you—you—live!"

Pierre, with a wild shriek, turned and fled, as if all the Fates and the Furies were after him.

Lisette Bergeret is still beautiful, although her fiftieth birthday is approaching, and her hair is snow white. The old father and mother are long since gone. In their latter years Lisette was eyes, ears, hands, everything to the old people, just as Louis Roche had been to his father and mother. They were quite happy in their old age; their three sons all were spared to them; and mercifully they lost remembrance of most of the horrors they had known in those dreadful times of 1870-71.

The Restaurant Bergeret has ceased to exist, eaten up, stone by stone and brick by brick, by the poor whom Lisette succoured. Her marriage portion went to the orphans. She is a very poor woman now, but has much treasure laid up in Heaven. She is always busy in doing good: there are so many people in this world needing help; and she is reckoned to be of angelic charity by those who know her best. But she has great humility of spirit, and while thankful for the love of Louis Roche, and ardently hoping to be one day united with him, she counts herself unworthy of so noble a soul.

THE END.

native land. He was consecrated Bishop in September 1894 by the late Archbishop of Dublin. He is at the head of the reform movement in Spain, and is an accomplished scholar and linguist.

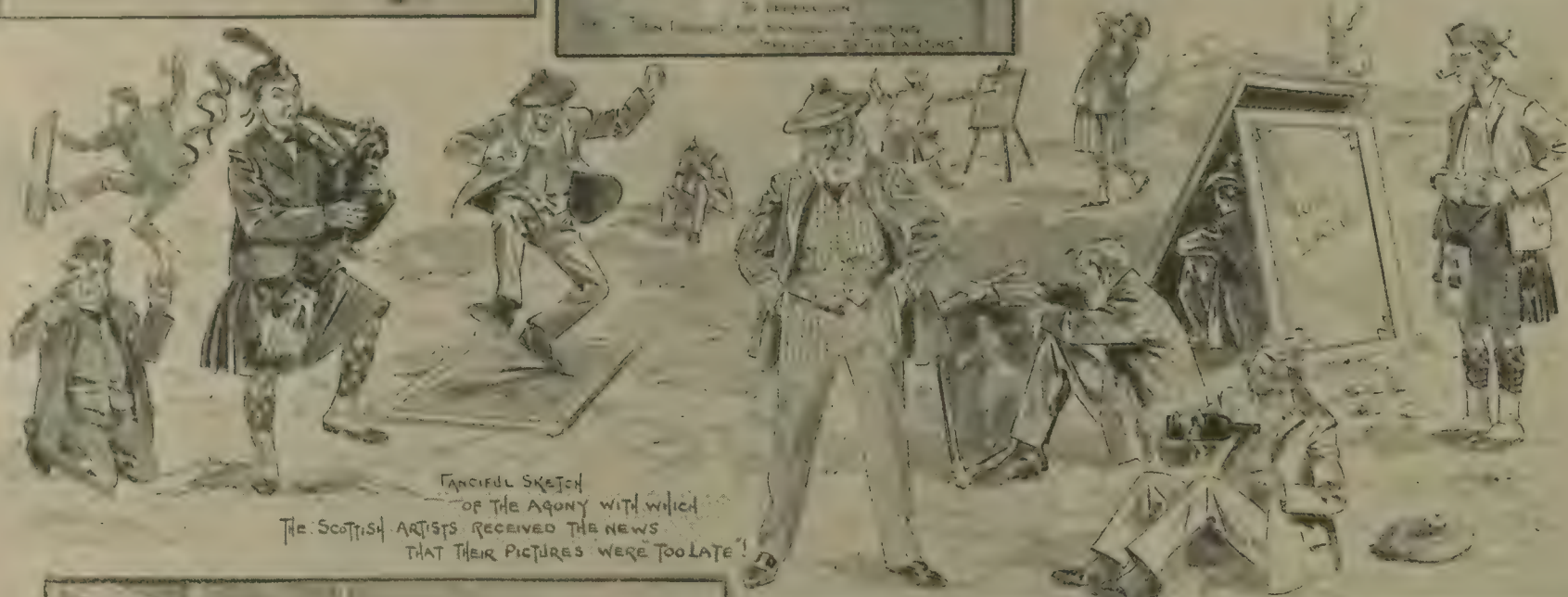
The Rev. Professor Margoliouth is visiting Mesopotamia, and was much missed this week at the London Jews' Society meeting, where he has been for some years the most eminent speaker.

The late Dean Ingram had many warm friends in the Isle of Man, and at Leicester, where he laboured for more than thirty years as a parish clergyman. Mr. Gladstone greatly admired his gifts as a mission preacher, and presented him to the deanery of Peterborough.

A tablet in memory of the late Prebendary Whittington is to be placed in St. Peter's Church, Cornhill. The congregation is also raising a fund for presentation to Dr. Walters, who has been connected with the parish for so many years, latterly as curate-in-charge.

Dr. Ker Grey has good cause to be satisfied with the success of his late Sunday evening services. For the third Sunday after Easter he invited that popular preacher, Father Adderley, who did his best to stir up interest in the housing of the poor. He remarked that some of the slums within easy reach of Albemarle Street were quite as bad as East-End rookeries. A new organ has lately been installed at Albemarle Chapel, and the organ recital at the late services proves a great attraction.

V.



THE OPENING OF THE GLASGOW INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY T. AND R. ANNAN AND SONS, GLASGOW.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF FIFE IN THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS: PASSING OVER THE KELVIN.



THE RECEPTION OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF FIFE IN THE CENTRAL HALL OF THE ART GALLERIES.

THE OPENING OF THE GLASGOW INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY T. AND R. ANNAN AND SONS, GLASGOW.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF FIFE ENTERING THE INDUSTRIAL HALL.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF FIFE RECEIVING THE ADDRESS PRESENTED BY LORD BLYTHSWOOD IN THE CONCERT HALL.

THE OPENING OF THE GLASGOW INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. W. A. DONNELLY, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN GLASGOW.



ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF FIFE AT ST. ENOCH'S STATION, GLASGOW: THE PRESENTATION OF A BOUQUET TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.



Lord Blythwood at Presentation.

Duchess of Fife.

Duchess of Fife.

Lord Blythwood.

Dr. Donald MacLeod.

The Lord Provost, Bailie Sherran, Sir James Knox, and Sir J. Maxwell.

(Town Clerk of Glasgow).

THE OPENING OF THE GLASGOW INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION BY H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF FIFE: PRESENTATION OF THE ADDRESS BY LORD BLYTHWOOD.

Drawn by Mr. Allan Stewart, our Special Artist in Glasgow.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Francis Letters. By Sir Philip Francis and other Members of the Family. Edited by Beata Francis and Eliza Keary. With a Note on the "Junius" Controversy by C. F. Keary. Two vols. (London: Hutchinson. 24s.)

Northborough Cross. By L. Cope Cornford. (London: George Allen. 6s.)

My Autobiography: A Fragment. By the Right Hon. Professor F. Max Müller. (London: Longmans. 12s. 6d.)

St. Louis: Louis IX. of France, the Most Christian King. By Frederick Perry, M.A. (London: Putnam Sons. 5s.)

Mount Omi and Beyond. By Arhibald J. Little. (London: Heinemann.)

Harlaw of Sendle. By John W. Graham. (Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 6s.)

A Narrow Way. Mary Findlater. (London: Methuen. 6s.)

We can readily imagine that the Francis family had a "weakness for preserving letters" when we face two volumes of the "Francis letters," though, perhaps, not quite to the extent of realising the "boxes and bundles" in the possession of the present representatives of the house, from which we are told, this collection has been selected. The design of arranging the best portion of this huge budget for publication belongs to Miss Beata Francis, great-granddaughter of Sir Philip, who, however, did not live to finish it. Her work was taken up where she laid it down by Miss Keary, who is to be congratulated on the thoroughness and adequacy with which she has carried out the task. Although the letters centre around Sir Philip Francis, the most important member of the circle, the idea has not been to bring him into special prominence, but to give, rather, in the words of Mr. Keary, "a picture of many different personalities and differing points of view, opinions, occupations, so as to afford some image of the society of that time." The letters are given in chronological order, and are divided into six periods, while at the beginning of each is placed a short *résumé*, to serve as a sign-post to the inclination of the reader. The correspondence of the first division dates from Sir Philip Francis' school-days, and here we find Dr. Francis, not without an apology, referring his son to Johnson's Dictionary. As time wears on, Miss Mackrabie, the future Mrs. Francis, appears. Then we are introduced to Mr. Alexander Mackrabie, who became the lifelong friend of Francis, and whose Indian experiences, ranging from a visit to a Nabob to mosquitoes, and the quite as inevitable and vexatious native servant, form not the least part of the entertainment. Added to this, Sir Philip's own accounts of India, which grow historical in the case of Warren Hastings, and his epistolary interchange with Edmund Burke and others, make a most interesting contrast to the faithful chronicle of social and domestic affairs, not forgetting the cat, and the manufacture of three bonnets for her little girls, regularly forwarded by his wife from Tunbridge Wells or Margate. In the second book documents are forthcoming from the children of Sir Philip Francis, who all receive their answers and their pet names.

My dear, pretty Puss, my own dear Grimalkin, have you left off purring for good?

he writes to his daughter Elizabeth. Here, also, other pens are now associated with Francis in his public career; and chief among the signatures are those of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, Mrs. Fitzherbert, Lord and Lady Thanet, and so on, until the record ends with the circumstances of his death, related by his second wife, formerly Emma Watkins. Where any gap occurs in the letters the space is filled in by extracts from journals and diaries, so as to make a continuous story, and the principal contributors are brought "more bodily" before our eyes in several illustrations. Altogether, the results are such as might entirely satisfy Macaulay's theory on the writing of history. Mention of Macaulay suggests the inevitable question, Was Francis the author of "Junius"? Mr. Keary, in a short essay, prefixed at the request of the publisher, has undertaken to settle the matter once and for all. Certainly it is not Macaulay's fault that this was not done long ago in his deliberate and painstaking digression, the lines of which Mr. Keary has followed. To his conclusive arguments, however, are added the weight of the Tilghman episode, and the proving of the various links that have since been discovered by Franciscans and anti-Franciscans, who, for all this, are likely to exist as perseveringly as ever.

Cathedral mysteries are never of very plausible origin, and the finding of hidden treasure is ever esteemed unnatural, and this may perhaps account for the air of improbability in Mr. Cope Cornford's story centred round the Cathedral of Northborough Cross, and the legend of a certain Abbot Stephen Hagberg of the thirteenth century. It may, however, be justified in this, that in these pages the writer has tried to give "some picture of the subtle processes of time." True it is that Abbot Stephen's "cold lips," as he lay there in the abbey under his "traceried canopy," might have moved, as the Dean had often wished them to do, had he known what end the revelation of his "secret source," under the patient investigation of Lance, should serve. That the timely discovery of his legendary hoard in the crypt should avert the catastrophe of the Southern Consolidated Investments Company and the reputation of Mr. Thornhaigh is certainly a very happy circumstance, and the whole scheme, though obviously made, is not unhappily conceived, at any rate, to serve the subtleties of time. The sleepy settlement of an ancient cathedral town and the discussion of financial affairs do not exactly combine to make a romance, yet Rosamund is there too, in the successfully characteristic little community over which the twin towers of the minster preside.

Max Müller's Autobiography is marked by the amiable garrulity of old age. He repeats himself, as seniors are apt to do in their gossiping; and he sometimes states at considerable length what had been better in an epigram. But his talk is pleasant in the main, and we ought to remember that his health was broken when the book was

composed. His son, who edits the fragment, tells us that "even when he was lying in bed far too weak to sit up in a chair, he continued to work at the manuscript." Remembering this, we should not be harsh on its minor shortcomings. The chief aim of the book, perhaps, is to show the intimate connection between the various parts of Max Müller's somewhat varied career. It was indeed strange that a German without wealth or social influence should become a Professor at Oxford and a member of the English Privy Council. Max Müller himself expresses his surprise at the curious development of his life. But in reading this memoir we see how naturally it all came about. While studying at Leipzig, he resolved to learn all he could about the thought and language of the East—chiefly, as he tells us very frankly, that he might be master of a subject of which his fellows knew absolutely nothing. Other subjects were hackneyed; he wanted one of his own. He went to Paris to study the "Rig-Veda" under Burnouf, and while there ran over to London to collate a Sanskrit manuscript in the possession of the old East India Company. He met Bunsen, the Prussian Ambassador, who persuaded the Company that it would be a disgrace to England if the great Indian work were published in any other country. It was printed at the Clarendon Press at their expense, and thus Max Müller was introduced to Oxford, where he made friends, secured a University appointment, and started on his English career. He has some good stories to tell of his early days in Oxford. When Marshal Blücher was made an Honorary Doctor by the University, he asked that General Gneisenau, his immediate subordinate in the Prussian army, might be made a chemist! Old Vorwärts imagined he had become a Doctor of Medicine, and thought his right-hand man should have something too, and be an apothecary at the least. But the most interesting portion of the book, perhaps, is Max Müller's account of his early days in



F. MAX MÜLLER, AGED FOUR.

Reproduced from Max Müller's Autobiography, by permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co.

Dessau. It is like reading of a vanished world. He brings the quaint old German town, with its autocratic Government and the simplicity of its domestic life, vividly before us. A single fact is enough to show the curious homeliness of the time. One of his grandfathers had been a tradesman, the other was Prime Minister of the Duchy! Living was so cheap that £300 a year was considered ample remuneration for the highest officers of State. Another feature of the book that will possess great interest for some is Max Müller's quiet and dignified statement of his own religious beliefs. He seems to have been a sane and sober mystic. This broken sketch of his life is not a great book, as its subject was not a great man, but it is a pleasant record of an honourable career.

Of the many royal saints who figure in the Roman Calendar, but two really seem to have seized on the popular imagination. These are St. Elizabeth of Hungary and St. Louis of France. Even in these Republican days, the 25th of August is celebrated with pomp and circumstance in many a French home, and Louis and Louise have remained favourite names among our lively neighbours. But quite apart from sentimental considerations, St. Louis deserved a place among "heroes of the nations," and Mr. Perry has contrived to present a very vivid and interesting picture of the saintly French King, who left an enduring monument in the many exquisite cathedrals—including those of Amiens, Rheims, and St. Denis—with which he studded his fair realm. Mr. Perry has naturally found much of his material in the evergreen chronicles of de Joinville, whose testimony as to the King's virtues is the more marvellous in that he never hesitates to blame his hero, accusing him, indeed, of neglecting Queen Blanche by remaining so long in Palestine. Be that as it may, it seems clear that St. Louis was an excellent husband and father; and the charming, quaint letters written to his daughters Isabel and Margaret, exhorting them to piety, virtue, and modest behaviour, are among the most delightful epistles of the kind

ever published to the world. In one matter St. Louis gave an example which might well be followed nowadays: he showed himself possessed of a mercy and humanity towards infidels even rarer in his than in any other age, and when in Palestine he issued an edict that no one should revile or reproach renegades who had returned to their faith after escaping from captivity. The extraordinary impression made by St. Louis on the world of his day was shown by the fact that he was placed in the calendar of saints within thirty years of his death, though some years previously, and before he had received, as it were, the supreme hall-mark, was written his best epitaph: "There was peace in his time; he loved God and holy Church; and they say he is with the saints." The volume is enriched with a number of interesting illustrations, including a map showing the France of 1250; while the frontispiece is a reproduction of a Giotto now at Florence.

Mr. and Mrs. Little are agreed, the former tells us, that their journey to "Mount Omi and Beyond" was the most delightful and interesting they have ever made. That it was interesting, no reader of this very readable book will feel inclined to deny; but with all deference to the author, one is keenly sensible that the delights of journeying through glorious scenery must have been discounted by the continuous rains that varied days of close and muggy heat, and by the filth, vermin, and noise amid which so many nights were passed in country inns. An atmosphere of damp pervades the book, but the travellers accept bad weather with the same calm philosophy in which they endure the disagreeables of a Chinese hostelry. They made the journey in sedan-chairs carried by coolies, to which method of travel Mr. Little attributes the courtesy of the people in these out-of-the-way regions, a sedan-chair being a necessary voucher of respectability. The politeness shown them, qualified though it was by passionate curiosity, exhibits the people of Central and Western China in a much more pleasing light than does the demeanour of the populace in districts where foreigners are more common visitors. Mount Omi, Mr. Little's principal objective, is, in a sense, the Chinese Mecca; it is somewhere about 16,000 ft. high, crowned with temples which shelter images of the highest sanctity. The summit is well worth the pain of the climb by reason of the extraordinary magnificence of the views to be obtained into Tibet, when cloud and rain permit; and if the priests display undue desire to exploit strangers, it would seem that previous visitors have not shown that regard for Buddhist sentiments which would predispose the priests in favour of foreigners. Mr. Little is indulgent towards Chinese shortcomings with the indulgence born of thirty years' knowledge; but he holds the Chinaman a very poor creature beside the hardy Tibetan on the western frontier. Mrs. Little, has contributed some excellent photographs, many of which were taken under difficulties.

In "Harlaw of Sendle" we have another of those "ofs," necessarily a tale of the fortunes and ill-fortunes of the heir to an estate. It is not, however, with the least weariness that we say this, for the narrative has no lingering, and is not without its fresh turns. After all, we should find therein no cause to complain, lest we come under Mr. Graham's "Oh, omniscient critic! If the well-worn palimpsest be too ill-scoured for you, then revolutionise human nature for us, and we will provide fair new parchments." The interest, as the author would have it, is other than in the plot. "There is no plot in this simple history of country-folk," edited, he tells us, "from passages relating chiefly to the family of Harlaw in Strathclyde, collected out of the note-books of Thomas Denton, Esquire, of Eselby." These materials have furnished a most agreeable volume. In Martin Rothery we have the rugged dalesman, a type fast disappearing in these days of railways, and the "ceaseless minglings of all sorts and conditions of people, uplanders and lowlanders, country-folk and city-folk." As Sandstone House stands on its height, in new and stony contrast to the grey old Hall of Sendle, hidden away amongst the trees, so in Lady Lyndal we have money (of which a Lynette might detect the origin) in strong opposition to the traditions of centuries that, but for a Lady Portia wit, would have ended in young Harry Harlaw, who at least had inherited the spirit of his race.

Miss Mary Findlater writes with more than ordinary acumen, and "A Narrow Way" is very pleasant reading. As a study of character alone it should make its mark, the more so, contradictory though this may seem, because the story is never sacrificed to the study. Miss Findlater has a just sense of proportion and a clear vision; from her pen comes no dreary monotone in a drab, but a simple, straightforward story, now clouded, now sunlit, instinct with truth and life. The heroine is an original sort of girl who lives in great seclusion with a maiden aunt in Edinburgh; she has imagination, courage, and a sense of humour, and contrives to be wonderfully happy. The hero is a doctor, a sort of connection, and he comes to stay with them without being aware of the nature of their establishment. He is somewhat emotional, readily attracted by women, a man of wide experience, and possessed of a strong will: a good enough man in his way, and not wholly bereft of ideals, but in some danger of developing into that contemptible creature, an unmitigated egoist. As a flower unfolds its petals to the sun, and only so becomes beautiful and fragrant, so this man opens his heart to a pure love, and gradually, almost imperceptibly, the latent strength and beauty of his nature is developed: the alchemy of love is the real theme of this story. Some of the other characters are worthy of notice, among them the unbending aunt, the precision of whose portrait is balanced by its kindness; Horatio, divinity student and calf-lover and something of a "stick," as they say in the North; and Mrs. Simmie, a modified Mrs. Jellyby, with her many missions and her numerous, neglected offspring.



THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK'S COLONIAL TOUR: GENERAL VIEW OF SYDNEY.



THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK'S COLONIAL TOUR: GENERAL VIEW OF MELBOURNE.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

On an average there are half a million of English men and women in our midst with sufficient money and leisure at their command to do exactly as they please on the spur of the moment. I am not including the leaders of fashion and the Parliamentary bigwigs, who cannot, or imagine they cannot, be spared from their social engagements and legislative labours. I am thinking of those who, though having the entrée to exclusive circles or to the very best middle-class society, could easily absent themselves from either without being appreciably missed—the modern equivalent to those men and women of whom Voltaire thought when he wrote—

Tel brille au second rang qui s'éclipse au premier.

I am alluding to the men and women who are the first in their local or provincial sets, but who in London are more or less put into the shade by the very foremost of the votaries of fashion, and by artistic and other celebrities. I need not say that I am not trying to institute invidious comparisons. Those men and women represent both the conditions of Cæsar's epigram. They are the first in their own neighbourhood, yet they are content to be second in the capital, to which they repair every season for a longer or shorter period, sharing in the rounds of amusements but taking no marked place.

To those I would recommend a visit to Paris just now. The Exhibition is, I am pleased to say, a thing of the past, and the attractive world's city on the banks of the Seine is herself again, plus a magnificent avenue bordered by two palaces and terminating in the splendid bridge dedicated to the memory of Alexander III. of Russia. If Paris had nothing else to offer to the visitor than that lovely spot, the visit I recommend would be worth paying. The promenade itself, with its wealth of palms, ilex, and rare plants, its comfortable chairs, its animated throng, is a delight to the eye, the senses, and the mind. The two structures to which I referred just now contain, however, at present the latest efforts of nearly all those whose names are household words throughout the world in connection with pictorial and sculptural art. This does not imply that the buildings in question contain nothing meretricious in the matter of painting and statuary. Upon the whole, though, to him who has eyes wherewith to see and a mind with which to reflect, these two exhibitions facing each other will unquestionably prove that France is still, in everything connected with the higher arts, the foremost nursery of the world.

I could select off-hand three score of indisputable masterpieces, every one of which is worthy to be ranked with the best productions of past masters of the brush. There are four times that number of canvases holding out the promise of their makers achieving, sooner or later, something that will bring their names to the front. Considering that there are over three thousand pictures in all, the percentage seems indeed small; but is there any civilised country that could display a larger? Yet even the works of those who seem destined utterly to fail are not altogether without merit. There is rarely a lack of originality; in the majority of cases there is too much of it. "Error is opinion in the making," wrote Tennyson; but it is only a poet, who to a great extent is also a prophet, who could write and think such a sentence; and too much originality is as often as not the merely too indulgent mother of error. If the parent perceives in time the possible effects of her leniency, there is still hope.

That reflection has occurred to me on hearing, on all sides, the principal feature of the sculpture exhibition discussed by those who have seen it and have come back to London. I am alluding to the colossal nude figure of Victor Hugo by M. Rodin. The reader may remember that M. Rodin sculptured the statue of Balzac which was refused by the Municipality of Paris. The civic fathers had, perhaps, logic on their side, though logic is not always a safe guide in art. The great French novelist, who, during the greater part of his career, often bent for eighteen consecutive hours over his writing-table, was represented, not in the throes of composition, but standing upright in a kind of shroud; and, what was worse, without arms. *En revanche*, the greatest of all modern French poets, who, "carefully dressed" at no matter what time of the morning, always stood at his desk, is shown divested of all clothing, and like an ancient divinity of this or that mythology. Nevertheless, all those who dissent from M. Rodin's conceptions, as well as those who agree with them, are unanimous in predicting for him a foremost place among the great manipulators of the chisel.

Thus far the plastic and pictorial arts as they may attract the visitor to Paris. His intellectual enjoyment need, however, not stop there. The Grand Opera, or, as it is officially termed, "l'Académie Nationale de Musique," has produced a new work by M. François Hùe, a young composer. "Le Roi de Paris" will perhaps not make the round of the world, for by all accounts it is not a great production. It is, however, with the principle of art education rather than with its immediate results that I would have the intelligent Englishman concern himself. M. Hùe is a "Prix de Rome"—i.e., he was, after a competition in which he won that prize, sent to the Eternal City for three years to complete, or at any rate to perfect, his technique at the expense of the State. The Opera was bound to produce one of its works, in virtue of the conditions under which it is subsidised. M. Hùe has not hit the bull's-eye at once—few "Prix de Rome" do; but he will have the opportunity of trying again, and the second trial may produce a "Carmen," as it did in the case of Georges Bizet. Meanwhile, M. Alfred Bruneau has scored another success with "L'Ouragan"; the libretto is a thoroughly ideal one, although written by Zola. M. Bruneau's work was produced at the Opéra Comique, another subsidised theatre. Only a fortnight ago Sir Henry Irving pleaded for something of the kind in England. The visitor to Paris may bear this in mind, and perhaps form an opinion which subsequently will lead him to judge from experience.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

H A SALWAY.—Thanks for your letter. The others will not be forgotten.

E J WINTER WOOD (Taignton).—We have no doubt the problem will prove acceptable as usual.

L DESANGES.—We are pleased to hear from you again. The position seems a nice one, and shall have our attention.

R E SAMPSON (Chiswick).—We are sorry space does not permit the insertion of your communication, but in the main your ideas are our own.

E J ARTHUR (Wolverhampton).—The position is a drawn one. Of course, accidents might happen, but they have no place in scientific chess.

F W MOORE (Brighton).—We cannot refer to the file at present; but is it really worth while going back so far for so little?

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2962 received from A C M (Valparaiso): of No. 2967 from C A M (Yenang); of Nos. 2968 and 2969 from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 2970 from Eli Shore (Philadelphia, U.S.A.); Arthur De Quincy Tiltotson (Philadelphia, U.S.A.); and Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 2971 from Percy Charles (New York) and Charles Field junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 2972 from A G Bagot (Dublin) and J Bailey (Newark); of No. 2973 from R Nugent (Southwold), J Bailey, and A G Bagot; of No. 2974 from Edward J Sharpe, Clement C Danby, H S Brandreth (Naples), Joseph Orford (Liverpool), A G Bagot (Dublin), R Nugent (Southwold), Hereward, L Inkster (Sheffield), T Colledge R Halliburton (Jedburgh), R E Sampson (Chiswick), Frank Clarke (Bingham), Dr. Tidswell (Morecambe), Charles Burnett, and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth).

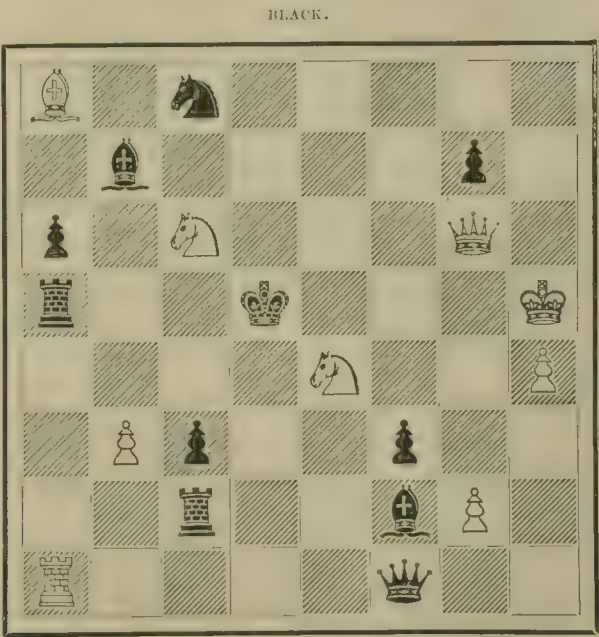
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2975 received from J H Warburton Lee (Whitechurch), Edith Corser (Reigate), H Le Jeune, J W (Campsie), R Worters (Canterbury), T Colledge Halliburton (Jedburgh), Laura Greaves (Shelton), R Nugent (Southwold), F J S (Hampstead), F Dalby, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Alpha, Albert Wolf (Putney), F W Moore (Brighton), Frank Shrubsole (Faversham), Frank Clarke (Bingham), W A Lillico (Edinburgh), Joseph Wilcock (Chester), G Stillington Johnson (Cobham), R E Sampson (Chiswick), J A S Hanbury (Moseley), Charles Burnett, F H Marsh (Bridport), C E Peruzzi, E J Winter Wood, Shadforth, Henry A Donovan (Listowel), and J D Tucker (Ilkley).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2974.—By C. W. (Sunbury).

WHITE	BLACK
1. Q to K 2nd	K takes Kt
2. Q to B 4th (ch)	Any move
3. Kt mates.	

If Black play 1. P takes R, 2. Q to R 6th (ch), K takes Kt; 3. Kt mates.

PROBLEM No. 2977.—By H. WHITTEN.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

The above problem is the composition of a contributor whose name first appeared in this column nearly fifty years ago. Some of our old solvers may recollect the author's earlier contribution.

CHESS IN SCOTLAND.

Game played in Edinburgh between Messrs. W. BLACK and E. M'DONALD.
(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. M'D.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. M'D.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	10. K to Q 2nd	Kt to B 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	11. P to R 3rd	P to Q R 4th
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3d	12. B to Q 3rd	Kt to B 5th
4. P to K 5th		13. Castles	Q to Kt 3rd
Another and more common way is by 4. B to K Kt 5th, B to K 2nd, P to K 5th, etc. Now White keeps his Queen's Bishop for future use.		14. B takes Kt	P takes B
5. P to B 4th	K Kt to Q 2nd	15. P to K Kt 4th	Kt to K 2nd
	P to Q B 4th	16. K R to B sq	Q to B 3rd
The key to the counter-attack in all such games.		17. P takes P	Kt takes P
6. P takes P	B takes P	18. Q R to K sq	B to Q 2nd
7. Q to Kt 4th	Castles	19. Kt to K Kt 5th	P to R 3rd
8. Kt to B 3rd	P to B 4th	20. K Kt to K 4th	P to Q Kt 4th
9. Q to R 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd	21. Kt takes B	Q takes Kt
10. B to Q 2nd		22. Kt to K 4 h	Q to K 2nd
B to Q 3rd is apparently superior, coupled with the advance P to K Kt 4th. The idea here is to castle Q R, which proves unsatisfactory. The Queen's side attack is well managed by Black.		23. R to Kt sq	P to Kt 5th
		24. Kt to B 6th (ch)	K to R sq
		25. Kt takes B	Q takes Kt
		26. R to Q sq	Q to K 2nd
		27. R to Kt 6th	P to B 6th
		28. B to K sq	P takes R P
		29. Q takes B P	P to R 7th
		30. P to Kt 3rd	Q to R 6th (ch)
		31. K to Q 2nd	K R to Q sq (ch)
			Black wins.

CHESS IN RUSSIA.

Game played in consultation between Messrs. S. POLINER and W. JUREWITSCH on the one side, and Messrs. H. CLEMENS and E. SCHIFFERS on the other.
(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Messrs. P. & J.)	BLACK (Messrs. C. & S.)	WHITE (Messrs. P. & J.)	BLACK (Messrs. C. & S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th	12. Q takes Kt	B to K 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K 3rd	13. Q R to Q sq	Q to R 4th
3. B to K 2nd		14. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt
When 2. Kt to K B 3rd is played it is well to continue 3. P to Q 4th. In this game, it will be seen, Black is first with P to Q 4th, and that is a point of some importance.		15. B takes Kt	K R to Q sq
4. P takes P	P to Q 4th	16. P to K 4th	Q takes R P
5. P takes P		17. Q to K 4th	B to Q Kt 5th
6. P takes P		18. B takes B	
7. Kt to B 3rd	P takes P	19. B takes P (ch)	K takes B
8. Kt takes P	B to K 2nd	To take seems fatal, and if K to R sq, the reply is R takes R, etc.	
9. B to K B 4th	P to R 3rd	20. Q takes P (ch)	K to B 3rd
10. B to B 3rd	Castles	21. B to K 5th (ch)	K takes B
11. R to K sq	Kt takes Kt	22. R takes B (ch)	K to Q 5th
White threatened to win a Pawn by Kt takes P. The isolated Queen's Pawn is a		23. Q to Kt 6th (ch)	K takes P
		24. R to B sq (ch)	Resigns.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

One of the recent events of the scientific year was the delivery of a lecture before the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society by Dr. E. Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute of Paris. The lecturer selected for his theme the microbes which find their territory in the body of man. Under this designation, Dr. Metchnikoff did not include those germs which produce disease, but those alone that appear to regard the human frame as their special and natural domain. It is very much the fashion for people to regard every germ as possessed of disease-producing powers. That this is an error, becomes obvious from a very elementary consideration of the topic of microbic nature and development. Many germs are not only innocuous to us, but actually represent friendly microscopic particles, which may be utilised in the various processes relating to the body's welfare.

It is now many years ago since Dr. Metchnikoff told us a very extraordinary, but charming, story of the wondrous part played by the white corpuscles, or leucocytes, of our blood in repelling germ-invasion. Every white corpuscle (whereof there are millions in the blood of a man) is a little living thing which is really independent of us. It can push its way through the walls of blood-vessels, and wander at its own sweet will through our tissues. It can attack and devour germs that have gained admittance to our frames, and when any injury occurs, it may be seen in company with thousands of its neighbours coming to the rescue, and seeking to ward off the effects and consequences of the lesion. Inflammation is marked by a tremendous outflow from the blood-vessels into the tissues of these white blood-cells, and one product of inflammation—matter, or "pus"—is now known simply to consist of the dead bodies of white blood-cells that have perished in the domestic fray.

This curious story shows us why it is that certain animals are proof against certain ailments. The explanation is that the germs of such diseases are destroyed by their white blood-cells. Contrariwise, if an animal falls a victim to any ailment, we may regard its leucocytes as having been defeated by the germ-invasion. Such, at least, is one view of why we escape infection in some cases and succumb to it in others. The history of the germs that find an abode in and on our bodies, is really the sequel to the story of the white blood-cells. Dr. Metchnikoff showed that we harbour quite a small population of microbes, some of which are not only friendly to us, but necessary and useful, while others are at least neutral, and if not actually pressed into our service, at any rate do us no harm.

Our skin is thus found to be amply provided with a microbic population that betakes itself chiefly to the little fillicies or sacs from which hairs spring. In health these microbes are apparently harmless, but when we get out of sorts, or when disease attacks us, these skin-germs are liable to pass beyond the limits of their natural life. Then they dive into the skin and produce boils and other things grievous to be borne. The necessity for the surgeon attempting at least to sterilise his hands, and to render his skin free from microbes, can readily be seen, and modern science justifies the procedure. However difficult it be for us to get rid of all our microbic population, even temporarily, none the less is the surgeon's practice founded on that admirable dictum which teaches that cleanliness is the basis not only of all success in health-culture, but also in the work of the healing art.

It would appear that our digestive system is the chief seat of microbe-invasion. Thirty species of germs have been recorded as resident in the mouth, which is thus a kind of hothouse, seeing that its temperature is practically that of the blood. The reason why injuries of the mouth heal readily, is attributed to the fact that the microbes assist the reparative process. Again, it is curious to find certain microbes flourishing in the acid of the stomach, which is certainly fatal to some of their race. In the intestine other germs are found which, by producing acids, are regarded as preventing the development of noxious companions. When our microbe population is in good health and flourishing, it therefore protects us against the attack of other organisms. When its own health is not good, and when our microbes lose their vitality, they are unable to resist the attack of the invading particles.

It is curious to note that a good many of our microbic guests appear to inhabit parts of our frames which are to be regarded as being better and more typically represented in lower life than in ourselves. Thus the hair-sacs are unquestionably much better developed in lower animals which possess a complete hairy covering than in man, and it is in these sacs that microbic life flourishes exceedingly. If, therefore, we become hairless, it is argued, we should have fewer microbes to contend with, and possibly to work us ill. This may be true, but, even on Dr. Metchnikoff's own showing, the skin-microbes are not particularly offensive to us in any sense. When he goes on to tell us that we could do perfectly well without large parts of our digestive system, I fear science, on this side of the Channel at least, will fail to follow him in his teachings.

It is quite true that a person may continue to live for some time in the absence of the stomach removed for disease, or in the absence of a large part of the intestine; but surely nobody is going to argue that the state of such a patient is either natural or compatible with the ordinary term of existence! Evolution does not act through the medium of the surgeon's knife, and we cannot be reduced wholesale in this way in respect of our bodily belongings. Life will require to have its own way in making us better than we are, despite Dr. Metchnikoff's idea that surgery may remove parts that hurt us through their affording lodgment to microbes. The real fact is that while we all have to engage in a battle with our microscopic foes, we are materially assisted in the strife by others of the race. Therefore it is that we may be thankful that our enemies are not more numerous than they appear to be.

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LADIES' PAGE.

Always first in importance and interest among Private Views, that of the Royal Academy may be said to have become the only one surviving in town. The New Gallery has, this season, abandoned the invitation Private View, and now any person who cares to buy a season ticket can attend the exhibition there on the first day, which is, of course, quite a different matter. The Private View crowd at the Academy is always distinguished and interesting. Actors and actresses were absent this year, as, owing to the fact that the customary royal and academical dinner was suspended out of respect to the late Queen, the Private View was transferred to Saturday—



A FASHIONABLE GOWN OF LIGHT CLOTH.

matinée day. The absence of the ladies of "the" profession means a loss of much good dress. The great prevalence of black was another noticeable feature, dulling the brilliance of the *coup d'œil*. Individually, many of the black dresses were very smart. Perhaps the best were those in black glacé, the skirts greatly tucked and corded; these, by virtue of the natural stiffness of the fabric, as well as by the abundance of the tuckings, fell out round the feet with the right effect—the swirling look that strikes the eye as the correct outline, even while the judgment rejects it as inconvenient in the present, and a dreadful presage of crinolines threatened. All kinds of black materials were worn; from the Duchess of Roxburghe's black grenadine encrusted with chenille embroideries and inserted with Chantilly lace, to Lady Faudel-Phillips's black spotted crêpon, and Lady Blomfield's black satin, stitched all over in lines and finished with a tunic of black silk netting. Happily, there were some brighter gowns, especially amongst the artistic contingent. Mrs. Jopling wore a delightful foulard with the cream ground bearing a large pattern in green and blue floral design; Mrs. Holman Hunt wore the little cap-like satin bonnet that she invariably uses, in dove-grey this time, accompanied by a really fashionable little sac-coat in grey satin; Mrs. Alfred Praga, wife of the President of the Miniature-Painters' Society, was in purple cloth, and Mrs. Macklin in cinnamon-brown glacé silk, much tucked and relieved with cream lace near the throat. Lady Carew was quite magnificent in royal purple velvet, and was with her sister, Mrs. Cory, in pale grey taffetas. Lady Clarke had a corselet-gown in grey satin cloth, finished with a wide band of panne headed by grey silk braid round the skirt, and a bolero prettily folded at the back and trimmed with bretelles of the grey cord. Grey seems, as I glance over my notes, to have been the colour of most of the best-looking gowns. There was one of grey taffetas with a pin-spot all over it, made with a bolero trimmed with écoré lace motifs, a yoke of white muslin run round with black velvet baby-ribbon, a vest of tucked mousseline-de-soie, and worn with a skirt having a deep-shaped flounce tucked downwards for about ten inches, and further tucked round the edge three times. There was a grey alpaca very smartly finished with black-and-white spotted satin for deep belt and puffed sleeves. There was a grey voile, the skirt falling perfectly plain, though from

many tucks on the hips, under a deep corselet-belt constructed of many rows of narrow black velvet ribbon run downwards on a white satin ground, each piece of velvet allowed to fall some two inches below the belt on the skirt and finished off with a tiny gold ornament. The bolero was of the grey voile tucked across all over; then there was a fichu of white muslin fixed in the centre of the figure by a rosette of black velvet, over a little vest trimmed with black velvet ribbon running downwards like the belt. A great many foulards put in an appearance, blue and white and heliotrope and white or black being the favourites. One of the very prettiest little gowns, evidently fresh from Paris, was a cream voile placed over silk of the same shade, on which, as a yoke round the hips and as a trimming under the shoulders, were wreaths of painted flowers, their bright tints and graceful festoons gleaming softly through the transparency of the covering fabric. There were with this a yoke of pleated white muslin, and a wide belt and sash-ends of pale blue chiffon; and the white straw hat was trimmed with one big pink rose and blue gauze and satin ribbon—a charming effect on a young and lovely wearer.

No matter what professions are opened to women, it will always be the case that the one most suitable and congenial to the vast majority will be that of being head of a good husband's household. Moreover, the social fabric rests most securely on the home and its sanctities. Therefore it is always matter for satisfaction when the cold figures of the Registrar-General reveal that the matrimonial business under his supervision has been brisk. In the year for which the detailed returns are just issued, 1899, there were more marriages in proportion to the population celebrated than in any year since 1876—namely, 16.5 per thousand. The immense majority of the unions were between bachelors and spinsters; 908 of every thousand of the bridegrooms, and no less than 993 in every thousand brides, had not been married before. It proves, perhaps, that the spring of Hope is perennial in the human heart to learn that in twelve marriages both husband and wife had been divorced from previous partners; and the equally familiar maxim that while there is life there is hope may be considered as proven by the marriages of four thousand ladies over the age of fifty. Among these was a spinster of seventy-five, who married a husband of eighty odd winters. One would wish to imagine here a romantic devotion cherished through a life-long separation; but the real explanation is probably much more prosaic—two incomes united for comfort's sake, or an ailing old gentleman seeking to secure domestic attention, perchance. The latter, too, must surely be the explanation of the appearance in the list of a bridegroom of ninety years of age, who secured a bride just thirty years his junior. No fewer than sixty-four women above seventy years of age were led to the altar during the year; and of the four thousand brides over fifty, thirty-one were married to men still in their "twenties"! Three men of sixty-five secured brides in their teens, and December of seventy-five was allied to May of nineteen summers. The legal age for marriage is preposterously early in this country, with the result of an absurd entrance into wedlock of a pair of children both under fifteen; and in another case of a little girl of thirteen marrying a lad of nineteen. The birth-rate was the lowest ever recorded in this country: only twenty-nine per thousand of the population. In the other section of the returns, perhaps the most interesting feature is the fact that the much-disliked muzzling order and the interference with the importation of dogs from abroad have resulted, for the first time since statistics began to be gathered, in a year absolutely free from deaths caused by hydrophobia.

Will the sensation caused by the recovery of the long-lost Gainsborough lead to our copying the characteristic great hat that the Duchess of Devonshire wears in her portrait? If so, it will cause a complete revolution in the fashion of the moment. The wide-brimmed, flat-crowned hat, trimmed with many ostrich-plumes laid rather low, is, indeed, not so very unlike the present mode; but then, you see, it is worn very much tipped over to the opposite side from that at which we are now compelled by the mysterious dictates of our tyrant to tip our headgear. If the Duchess's fashion is followed, then, we must tip our hats to the other side. But surely the curls falling on the shoulders are a charming and essential feature of the portrait's beauty, and the hat alone would be far too big; the size of the head above the throat, with the hair closely dressed and that enormous hat-brim added, would be too disproportionate to that of the throat and shoulders. There can be no question of the imitation of another famous historical adornment of a woman's beauty that the "grooviness" of modern playwrights has brought prominently to the front just now—namely, "the Queen's Necklace," for the splendid ornament that we all know by that name (though poor Marie Antoinette not only never possessed it, but her waiting-woman, Madame Campan, declares that the Queen never desired to own it, having more gems than she cared to use already) was far too superb for the average woman's even coveting it. But there is to be a revival in fashion of one sort of ornament that many of us possess, inherited from our grandmothers and laid away for long—namely, the old-fashioned cameo brooches. They are not to be used as brooches at present, but as buckles to waistbelts, and if one has several of them they can be united by ribbon and worn round the waist as belts. Many of the old cameos are very artistic, and well deserve to see the light again.

Another old-fashioned ornament has had a use found for it. The large gold brooch-frames that our ancestresses wore, frequently around locks of hair twisted into strange devices under a glass centre, can now have either a ring placed at the top or a foot fixed behind so that they will stand, and can then be used as frames for miniatures or "midget" photographs. Yet another revival: coral is again very fashionable both in the form of long chains of coral beads and set in various ways. Fine pink coral is really not cheap or common, and it is certainly very becoming, especially as earrings, against a pretty

complexion, and as necklets, large square or oval pieces of the rosy material setting off well a slender white throat. Pink coral is mixed with all sorts of precious stones, too, thus allowing the intrinsic charm of the coral to be combined with that display of riches that is too often the real reason for wearing jewellery.

How dainty and pretty the muslins, the organdies, and the *linons* are this season! This, too, is a revival of our mothers' fashions, for the figured transparent materials were absent from us for a long time. Nothing, however, can be more becoming to girls than muslin dresses. They are cheap enough to buy in the first instance; but then to look really well they must be mounted over silk foundations, and trimmed with lace insertions; and then they are fragile, easily tumbled and spoiled by the weather, and quite too delicate in most cases for the wash-tub, so they are not in the end really economical. Crêpe-de-Chine, and the many somewhat similar fabrics that are now produced, such as that called crêpe-panne, though more expensive in the first instance, are more serviceable. Crêpoline is the name of a useful and gracefully draping dress-material, and is being well used. Voiles are ideal in combining substance and transparency. Foulards are in high fashion again, and well merit the honour. This unites so excellently the charms of lightness, coolness, and variety in design and colour with adequate substance and useful wearing qualities that it would be hard to find a more recommendable fabric. It is equally good in the satin-faced and the more plain-surfaced forms. Blue and white, black and white, purple or heliotrope and white are the most fashionable combinations in foulard patterns.

Our Illustration below shows the corselet-skirt that is patronised by some people with good figures. It is shown in light cloth, and is trimmed with a design in glacé silk outlined with cord, finished both on bodice and skirt with velvet straps fastened with diamond buckles; the little vest under the bolero is white pleated chiffon. The hat is white crinoline adorned with a velvet rosette and white lace. The other light cloth gown is also decorated with strappings of glacé silk and with pipings; the vest is of lace, with ends



A LIGHT CLOTH DRESS TRIMMED WITH GLACÉ SILK.

falling in a pretty new fashion. The hat is in rough cream straw, trimmed with grey chiffon and a Paradise plume.

We have all experienced the unpleasantness of too great heat in rooms during the London season, even at dinner-parties, and yet more at crowded "at homes." A delightful idea has been introduced to me, and I hasten to instruct my readers in the possibility opened to hostesses of keeping their rooms comfortable by means of the electric fans invented by the Improved Electric Glow Lamp Company, 103, Queen Victoria Street. These fans are arranged either to be connected with the current that runs the electric light, or supplied with power by a motor attached to the fan itself for houses where the light is not laid on; the latter will run 150 hours before the battery needs recharging. What a boon in a sick-room, as well as at parties, during the sultry days that are coming! FLOMONA.

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Photo. from Castle, Bristol.

EARL ROBERTS AT BRISTOL: THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF ON HIS WAY TO OPEN THE BAZAAR AT COLSTON HALL.

Earl Roberts, accompanied by Countess Roberts, opened the bazaar held at Colston Hall on behalf of the funds of the Bristol Royal Hospital for Sick Children and Women, on Wednesday, May 1. After the ceremony the Commander-in-Chief presented South African War Medals to Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Paget, Captain Aldridge, Lieutenant Du Port, and forty men of the "A" Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery.

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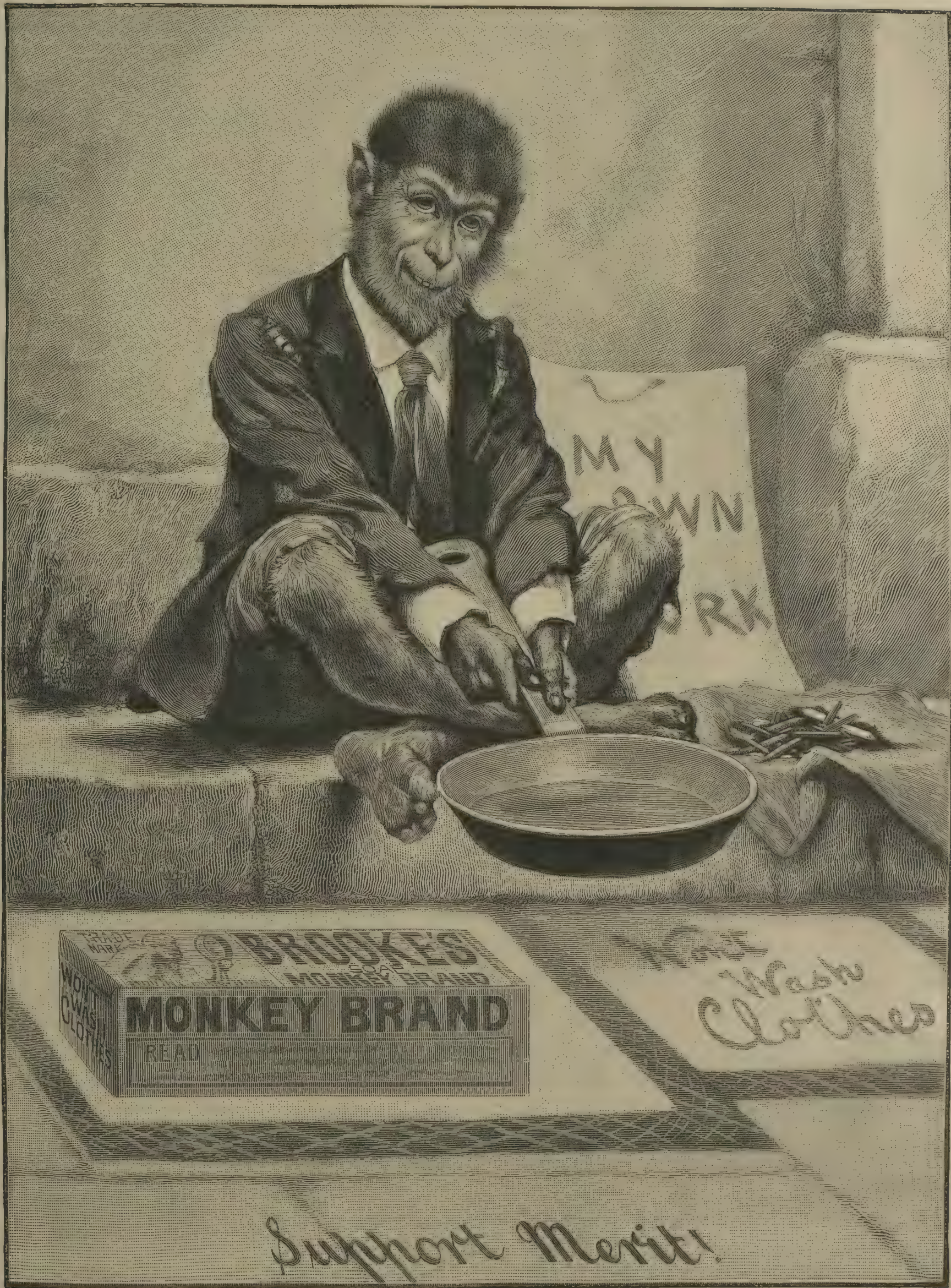
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MUSIC.

The London Musical Festival has occupied the distinctive place in the musical world during the past week. The Queen's Hall, through Mr. Newman's unflagging energy and zeal, has once more been the scene of the performances of a cosmopolitan group of conductors.

The festival has been, as a whole, a great success, and the crowded stalls, that were raised to fifteen shillings, have given an excellent proof of its popularity. If there is any regret it is that so little new music was heard, and so little English music forthcoming. The first conductor was M. Colonne, whose method was magnetic. His gestures—at times microscopic, merely conducting by the fluttering of one or two fingers, at times working his whole body—were so varied that he impressed everyone with his idiosyncrasies. One deplorable proof of the slackness of attention in the English audience was shown in the storm of applause breaking in upon the dying notes of the "Liebestod" of "Tristan und Isolde." M. Colonne, with marked impatience, quelled it; but it is so familiar an excerpt in the Queen's Hall that it is almost incredible persons in numbers are still to be found who could unconsciously seek to repress some fifteen or twenty bars. Madame Blanche Marchesi was the vocalist, and sang in exquisite method the "Tristan" death-song. Signor Busoni played the pianoforte solo in Liszt's Pianoforte Concerto in E flat, the concerto that has one of the most alluring allegros. M. Colonne's reception was overwhelming after the Symphony No. 8 of Beethoven. M. Ysaye

has already been discussed as a conductor, and under his guidance the chief interest lay in the Adagio for strings of Lekeu, given for the first time in England. Lady Hallé was the solo violinist. The "Trauermarsch" was magnificently rendered, and Miss Marie Brema sang very beautifully. On Wednesday evening perhaps the greatest interest was felt in the appearance of M. Saint-Saëns as conductor and pianist. His reception amounted to a furore. The programme, with one exception, was filled by M. Saint-Saëns' compositions, that one being the Pianoforte Concerto in B flat of Mozart, in which he was the solo pianist. His touch is a little hard and unsympathetic, although his conductorship is marked by great delicacy of shades of feeling and emotion.

Herr Weingartner, from Berlin, was the last foreign conductor. His bâton was wielded in a marked, inflexible manner; but his judgment is excellent, though his time is a little quicker than that to which we have been accustomed. He seemed to hurry unduly Mr. Andrew Black in his "Abschied" of Wotan, though the fire-music was exquisite. He introduced a symphonic poem of his that was unfamiliar to England. It is a very picturesque piece of work, though the illustrative design, which is filled in on paper in such detail, may be considered to hamper the concert imagination.

Mr. Henry Wood completed the cycle of conductors. And there can be no question as to his holding his own admirably; in fact, being second to none, excepting M. Saint-Saëns. The charm of the programme lay in the

first appearance in the large Queen's Hall of Mrs. Henry Wood, who sang with her accustomed purity and refinement, in her mother-tongue, a Russian song of Tchaikowsky, "Tatiana's Letter Song." Lady Hallé and M. Ysaye played the intricate concerto for two violins of Bach. Dr. Joachim appeared at the last concert.

The first of a series of six recitals was given by Herr Kubelik, the Hungarian genius of twenty, at the St. James's Hall on Saturday, May 4. He played here last year, and is well known in wealthy amateur circles, but his brilliance of technique has yet to reach the outer circles of London lovers of music. Adjectives are needed to give any conception of his magnificent style. His playing is so finished that it requires a virtuoso such as M. Ysaye to explain wherein he triumphs. Such a one has said already that he can interpret Paganini in a way that has been a lost art. His hands, small as a girl's, are miracles of flexibility, and he just plays harmonics and musical gymnastics in a way that baffles description. But he is not only a musical gymnast; he has a touch that is instinct with feeling, and his rendering of Schubert's "Ave Maria" was exquisite. Nothing discomposes him. In the opening brilliant prelude to the "Tema con Variazioni" of Wieniawski he broke a string, and walked from the platform with his quiet, immobile face, to replace it. Herr Ludwig Schab, his accompanist, is a college friend of his, also only twenty years old; his playing is refined and sympathetic, but possesses no great brilliancy. M. I. H.

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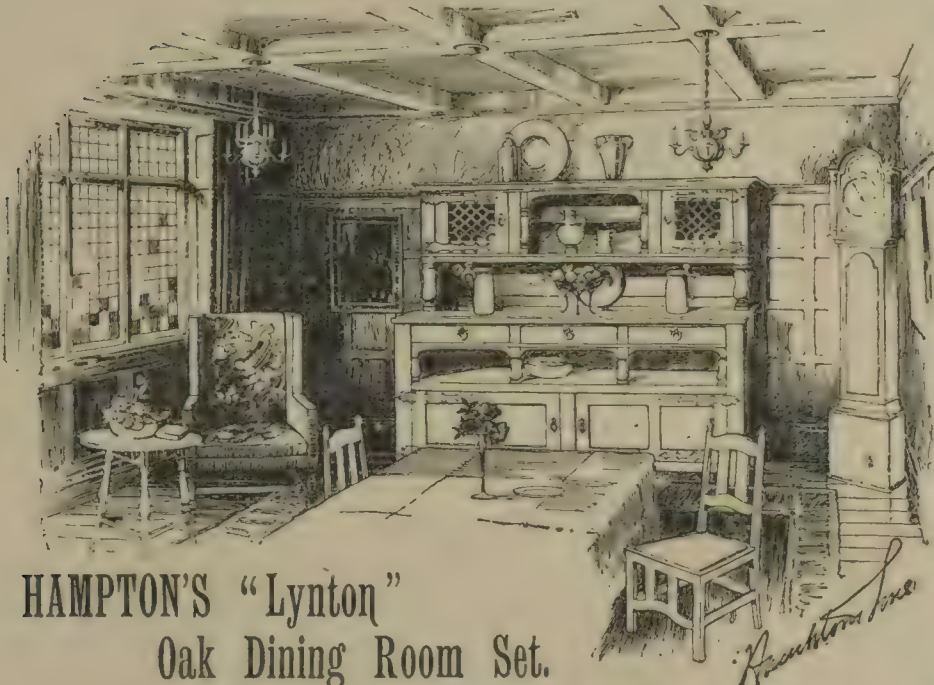
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You find yourself losing Strength and Energy. You find your work harder to accomplish. You find pleasure, so-called, rather a bugbear than an enjoyment. You lose interest in things and feel a disposition to let everything slide and take its chance. You feel the cold more, the heat prostrates you more easily, and your Nervous condition is so Run-down that you frequently feel utterly worn out and exhausted. You are easily fatigued and feel very little inclination to eat at any time. When you do eat you are apt to suffer from some serious pain or Discomfort, and you feel hot, stuffy, lethargic, and oppressed, or you may have alternating flashes of cold and heat that make you feel nervous as to what is going to happen. Your Heart appears to beat irregularly, sometimes faintly, but more often palpitating, so that you are alarmed for fear a bloodvessel should burst. Your mouth is dry and parched, or there is an unpleasant taste on the palate, or a sickly vomit rises therein. This an insidious disease made up of both Nervous and Dyspeptic symptoms. The cure for it is

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Guy's Tonic is the remedy without an equal for conditions of Debility and Nervous Disorders. It is both a Tonic-Digestive and a Tonic-Restorative. It helps to build you up. It helps to make you stronger and to have more Force and Energy. It increases the Vitality and Vigour of your System generally. Guy's Tonic enables you to eat better, to eat with relish and enjoyment, to have a good succeeding Appetite. Your food also does you more good. It nourishes you. It makes you Healthy. You become alive again to the actual pleasure of living. Thanks to Guy's Tonic, you take more active interest in your work or business, and you find your duties much easier to accomplish. You have greater capacity for pleasure and enjoyment, and are more cheerful and agreeable after the use of Guy's Tonic—thanks to its Digestive powers, to its stimulative and corrective action on the Liver, and to its wonderful Tonic and Restorative influence on your constitution and Health generally. The large steadily increasing sale of Guy's Tonic is eloquent proof of the good it accomplishes.

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Miss M. Stanley, of 28, Easton, Portland, Dorset, writes on March 22, 1901—

"I have been ill for a long time. I could not eat, was very Low-Spirited, and could not get about to do my work. I always felt Tired, did not want to do anything, and ached all over. I tried everything that people told me of, but got no better, until I read of Guy's Tonic and was persuaded to try a bottle. I felt better at once, and after having taken three bottles, I am now quite well. I can thoroughly recommend Guy's Tonic."

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Twentieth Century Brooch, Diamonds and whole Pearl, £4 4s. Bracelet to match, £5 5s.
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Choice White Brilliants, £33 15s. Smaller sizes in Stock.

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These 5 Stars mounted as Ties, £60, or set separately at £17 15s., £13 15s., & £9 17s. 6d.

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New Diamond Star Brooch-Pendant, or Hair Ornament, £5. Choice whole Pearl Bead Necklace for above, £3 5s. A variety of larger size stars in Stock.

Our Exhibit at the Glasgow Exhibition is in the Central Hall, where we have secured a large space.

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18-ct. Gold Brooch, no joint to get out of order. "Registered," £1 7s. 6d.; enamelled in colour, a size larger, £2 2s.

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The goods forming Exhibit are now on show and priced at

THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS, JEWELLERS, & SILVERSMITHS
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Handsome Half-Hoop Rings, All Brilliants, £105.
Rubies and Brilliants, £75.
Sapphires and Brilliants, £65.
Set of Three, £195.

ON WOODPECKERS.

The Skylark in ecstasy sang from a cloud,
And Chanticleer crowed, and the Yaffil laughed loud.

Woodpeckers are the special allies of the forester. Busy labourers they are, constantly at work, inspecting the bark, sounding the trunks of the trees, visiting fissures, tearing away the bark, when necessary, for the destruction of ravaging worms. The woodpecker was dedicated by the ancients to Mars. In Ovid we read of the transformation of Prince Picus into the form of a woodpecker, working hard for existence as a punishment, because he had despised the love of the sorceress Ircë. An old Scandinavian legend tells why it has been called the Wandering Jew. According to this by no means flattering fable, the first of the family had in a previous state of existence been a wicked old woman, named Gertrude, who always wore a red cap and was a terrible virago at home, where she rendered her husband's life miserable. One day she refused a drink of water to a poor wanderer, taking her broom to drive him away. The thirsty man, who was the Lord Jesus himself, disguised, turned and said: "As thou hast refused to give to a poor traveller the cup of cold water commanded by the Gospel, thou thyself art condemned henceforth to perpetually wander and work, thy tongue forever craving moisture. And in order that men may recognise thee, thou shalt wear for ever thy red cap, and by thy cry thou shalt herald the coming of the rain." This bird is in France called *le pourvoyeur des moulins*, and in England the rain-bird, because the

modifications of its cry are said to foretell the changes in temperature. In Norway it goes by the name of Gertrudvogel.

Condemned to perpetual labour, the woodpecker is, however, a gay and lively bird; the laugh of the yaffil, as our Saxon forefathers called him, makes the woods ring again, and his busy tapping is a sound which has often enlivened them for the lonely settler when all else has been silent. I spent some time in a log-cabin in the Rockies, surrounded by high pines, about which he tapped all the day long.

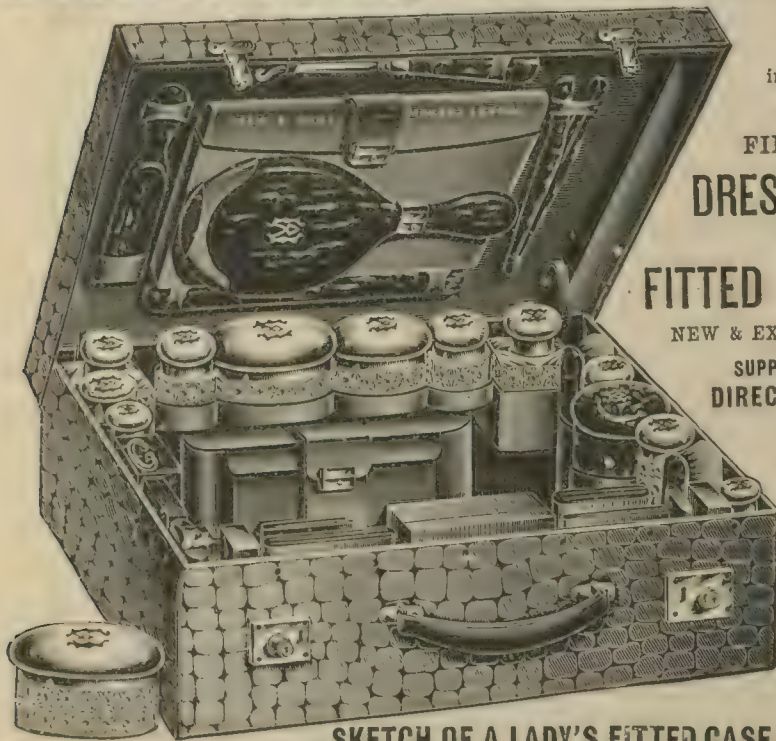
The green woodpecker, called by old writers the wood-wele, is commonest with us, but the greater and the lesser spotted species are also in evidence, although they are almost confined to our Southern counties. Some are still foolish enough to be prejudiced against the woodpecker, accusing it of injuring the trunks and branches of trees with its sharp and vigorous attacks. The late Abbé Vincelot, a member of the Linnean Society, in the Department of Maine-et-Loire, where there are five species of this family, told a good story of a friend who, although a great lover of other bird-life, was unjustly disposed towards them. He and another, a relative, actually offered a prize to the families living on their estates for so many woodpeckers' tongues. From time to time he received from his factor a little box full of these, and his gamekeepers had strict orders to destroy all the birds they could. "One day he came to tell me," says the Abbé, "of a great loss he had sustained—one which justified, in his opinion, the hatred he had for the family whose cause I espoused so warmly.

One of the finest trees on his estate, a magnificent oak, was slowly dying; whole limbs had fallen from it, and great patches of bark. All the woodpeckers in the country, he said, had been gathered there, and had compassed its destruction. Some of the country-folks said it was to avenge the wrongs the family of the Picinæ had suffered at his hands. He declared that the tree was perishing because the woodpeckers had perforated it everywhere, I told him that, on the contrary, they were his benefactors; they had tried to prolong its life. The oak was condemned, and a builder, sharing the owner's prejudice, and believing it to be only injured by the birds, paid a pretty high price for the tree.

"When it was felled, it proved to be penetrated by a fissure, having ramifications into the greater part of the trunk, and terminating in a large cavity into which the water had passed, rotting the adjacent portions, which were full of timber-haunting creatures. From these headquarters, they issued to work their ravages; and it was to secure these, and not against their persecutor, that the busy woodpeckers had directed all their wonderful energies. They had laboured for the proprietor's benefit, to be repaid only by base ingratitude. The tree had been struck several times by lightning, which had acted, as it does at times, in an odd and capricious manner, so that the consequences had not been visible until after a long period. And so," adds the Abbé, "the accused were completely justified and acquitted."

The woodpecker fully deserves our protection; he is one of the forester's best friends. The amount of harm which

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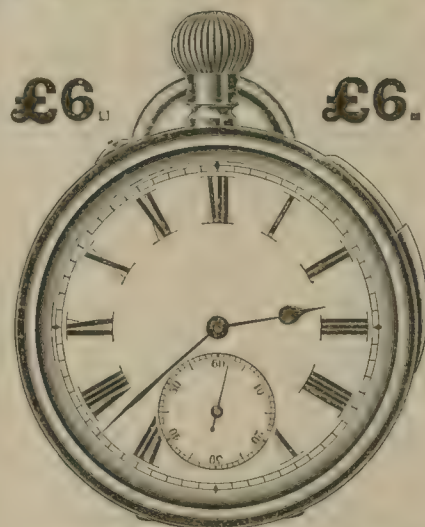
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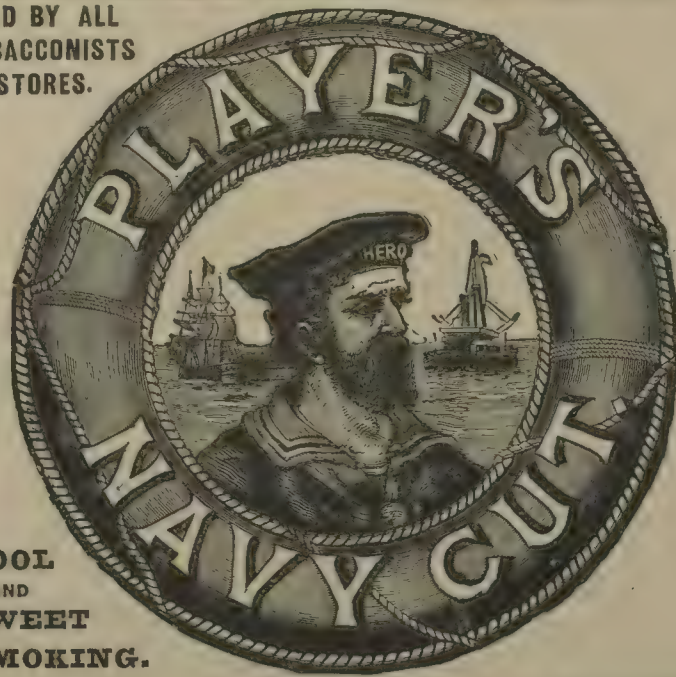
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ROWLAND'S
MACASSAR
Oil

The only reliable Restorer and Nourisher of the Hair. Without it the Hair becomes dry and weak;
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Described by the late Professor Yandell as "One of the Certainties in Medicine." In this respect LACTOPEPTINE ranks with quinine. LACTOPEPTINE is a doctor's remedy for Dyspepsia and Indigestion. It is Not a Secret Remedy. The Formula is printed on the label of every bottle.

The Success has been phenomenal.

Last week we asked the simple question :

Why not diagnose your own case ?

Thousands did so, and are now taking

We now repeat this question—

LACTOPEPTINE.

WHY NOT DIAGNOSE YOUR OWN CASE?

BROKEN SLEEP,
POOR APPETITE,
DROWSINESS AFTER MEALS,
SHARP PAIN UNDER THE HEART,
WIND,
ACUTE INDIGESTION,
COATED TONGUE—INDENTED
SHOWING TEETH MARKS,
BILIOUSNESS,
COMPLEXION UNHEALTHY,
HABITUAL CONSTIPATION,
DISTENSION OF THE STOMACH
PALPITATIONS,
LONELINESS OF SPIRITS,
FLATULENCE,
DIZZINESS,
PAIN BETWEEN THE SHOULDERS,
PARCHED STATE OF THE HAIR,
NOISES IN THE HEAD,
SEVERE HEADACHES,
HEARTBURN,
SHORTNESS OF BREATH,

These are the
Symptoms of

= Dyspepsia.

LACTOPEPTINE. Never Fails to Make Dyspeptic
People Comfortable.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.

DEAR SIR,—Some time since, being almost a martyr to Indigestion, I was advised to try your preparation Lactopeptine. You may be interested to learn that, after an extended trial of the remedy, I find myself practically free from the trouble mentioned, and this result, I am quite satisfied, is due to Lactopeptine.

Having a friend who was suffering from the same complaint, I advised him to try your preparation, and he informs me he also has derived much benefit from its use.

I very seldom give a testimonial, but out of gratitude feel I must depart from my rule in this case, and you have my permission to have this printed if you think well.

ERNEST PARR, Manager *Newmarket Weekly News*,
3, St. Mary's Square, Newmarket.

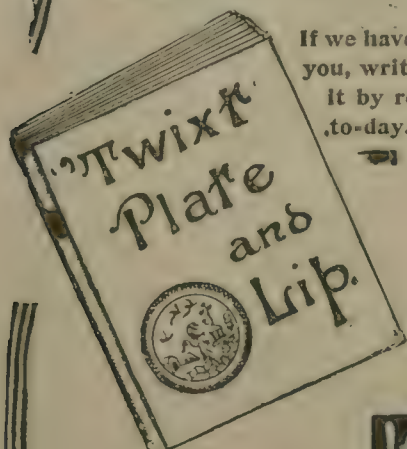
DEAR SIR,—Nearly three weeks ago I had an attack of Dyspepsia, with dull headache and sense of general discomfort. I took ten grains of Lactopeptine about an hour after dinner, and in a short time had lost all the unpleasant symptoms. I have had no return of the trouble since. It is a great comfort to have such an effective and portable remedy to turn to in time of need. You are quite at liberty to publish this if desired.

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If we have succeeded in interesting
you, write for this book. We send
it by return. Free. But write
to-day.



THE LANCET (The Leading Medical Journal) says of LACTOPEPTINE:
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At all the Stores and Chemists in the United Kingdom, at the Principal English Pharmacies in Continental Cities, throughout the Colonies, India, China, Japan, South America, and Mexico, Lactopeptine is obtainable in 1-oz. bottles in Powder or Tablets, price 4s. 6d., also in 1/2-oz. bottles, price 2s. 9d. When ordering do not ask for digestion tablets, but

LACTOPEPTINE.

Powder or Tablets. Tablets are stamped thus:



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"One of the Certainties in Medicine."

LACTOPEPTINE in POWDER or TABLETS, 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d.

is done to timber-trees by insects and grubs is greatly lessened by the persevering industry of this bird-labourer. His pickaxe-like bill and long tongue are most effective in their work.

The green woodpecker is the best known of his family in Great Britain; but his laugh is heard more often than his form is seen. He is an adept at hiding from observation. Not even when, in the autumn, he quits the great trees and goes hunting on the ground among the fallen leaves, will you often catch a sight of his quaint figure, for then the tones of his plumage fall in with those of the green grass, the brownish mosses, and the red and orange fungi. The numbers of ants and their pupæ that these birds can stow away is enormous; the yellow ant, the black, the brown, and the red-wood ant—all are appropriated by means of the extraordinarily long tongue, the tip of which is armed with a few barbs which point backwards; it is kept moist by a glutinous secretion to which the insects adhere. As many as ninety-two flies have been taken from one stomach.

The plumage of the woodpecker has not yet been appropriated by woman; but the greed of man—that of the collector—would soon make the bird rarer, even, in our woods than it is now. And not only the collector's money slays, but many a small farmer shoots the good yaffil when he comes across it, in order to preserve it. It stands stuffed in his parlour or hall, a witness to ignorant ingratitude.

J. A. OWEN.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 15, 1897), with a codicil (dated Nov. 26, 1900), of Mr. Richard D'Oyly Carte, of the Savoy Theatre and The Eyot, Weybridge, who died on April 3, was proved on April 25 by Mrs. Helen Carte, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £240,817. The testator gives £1000 and his household furniture and effects to his wife; £1000 to Miss Rosina Brandram; £6000 to Miss Frances Julia Wiles; £2000 to Henry Williams Carte and Philip Hedderwicke; £1000 to Richard A. Handcock; £500 to his butler, James Mockett; £300 to his cook, Mrs. Creed; and legacies to servants. He also gives £1000 to Charles Hawkins (secretary); £500 each to Sydney W. Steer (assistant secretary), George A. Richardson (accountant), John W. Beckwith (treasurer), and William Henry Seymour (stage-manager); £100 to William A. Campbell (shorthand-writer); £200 to Harry Linsdell (stage); £120 to Violet Hope (bar-attendant); £150 to Caroline Doherty; £200 to Mrs. Annie Perkins; £100 to Mrs. Annie Walker; and legacies to other persons at the Savoy Theatre. The residue of his property he leaves as to one third to his wife, one third, upon trust, to pay one moiety of the income thereof to his wife for life, and subject thereto for his sons Lucas and Rupert, and one third, as to seven twenty-seconds each for his sisters, Mrs. Blanche Monnington and Mrs. Rose Coulson, four twenty-seconds for his sister Eliza Carte, and two

twenty-seconds each for his brother Henry Williams Carte and his sister Mrs. Viola Jones.

The will (dated Aug. 16, 1900), with a codicil of Nov. 9 following, of Lady Augusta Georgiana Sophia Brudenell Bruce, of 24, Carlton House Terrace, widow, who died on Feb. 10, was proved on April 29 by Henry Frederick Nicholl, the sole executor, the value of the estate being £118,571. The testatrix bequeaths £500 to the Hospital for Diseases of the Chest (City Road); £1500 to such hospital for acquiring a site and in building and equipping a chapel for divine worship; £300 to the Convalescent Home started by the Ladies' Samaritan Society in connection with the said hospital; £200 to the Alexandra Hospital, Woodhall Spa; £200 to Lady Frederick Brudenell Bruce for the Convalescent Home, Saverlake; £100 to the Vicar of Mayfield, Sussex, for the poor; £300 each to her sister Countess Spencer and the Dowager Marchioness of Bath; £200 each to her brothers General Frederick Seymour and Horace Seymour, C.B., and her nephew Ralph Seymour; and other legacies. The residue of her property is to be held, upon trust, to apply the same within five years of her death in purchasing a proper site for erecting, and in erecting and fully equipping a church for the worship of God according to the rites of the Established Church, in such part of the County of London as her trustees may select, and in providing a Vicarage House for the minister and a proper endowment for such church and minister. A tablet is to

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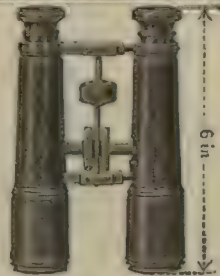
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be erected in the church stating that the church was built and endowed in memory of her late dear husband, Lord Charles Brudenell Bruce.

The will (dated Jan. 21, 1861) of Mr. Augustus Mordan, of the Stone House, Reigate, and 98, Marine Parade, Worthing, who died on March 18, was proved on April 26 by Percy Charles Mordan, the son, and Miss Clara Evelyn Mordan, the daughter, the executors, the value of the estate being £117,864. The testator gives 98, Marine Parade, £500, and his household furniture, carriages and horses, to his wife; £1500, and his freehold premises, 8, Northumberland Alley, and 2, Carlisle Buildings, Fenchurch Street, to his daughter Clara; £1000 to his granddaughter Mollie Eaton; £1000 to his sister Emma Penn, and £6000 between her daughters; £5000, and the freehold premises, 2, Northumberland Buildings, Aldersgate Street, to his daughter Mrs. Kathleen Eaton; £1000 to Ursula Mordan; £4000 upon trust for his granddaughter Agatha Evelyn Bendixson; £600 to and 156, Strand, upon trust for his grandson, Wilfred Athalstan Johnson; £100 each

to Godfrey Boyce and Florence Boyce; £500 to the Anti-Vivisection Society; £200 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; £100 to the Cottage Hospital (Reigate); and legacies to servants. The freehold premises, 72, Cheap-side, and 1, Wardrobe Place, E.C., are to be held upon trust for his wife during her life, and on her decease they are to be sold, and the proceeds divided between his daughters: four sixths for Mrs. Eaton, and two sixths for Clara Mordan. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

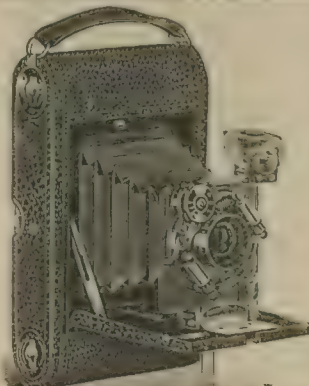
The will (dated Sept. 25, 1894), with a codicil (dated Feb. 9, 1901), of Mr. Henry Paul Harris, J.P., of The Holt, Aspley Guise, Beds., who died on Feb. 21, was proved on April 27 by Stanley Harris, the son, Samuel Harris, the brother, and Benjamin Firminger, the executor, the value of the estate being £92,717. The testator bequeaths £25,000, upon trust, for his daughter Mary Elizabeth; the plate between his son and daughter; £250 each to Benjamin Firminger and Alfred H. Covernton; £100 to his sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Howe; and his interest in the goodwill of the business carried on at

57 and 59, Mansell Street, E., to his brother Samuel. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

The will (dated Dec. 9, 1896) of Mr. John Henry Leech, of Hurdett House, near Salisbury, who died on Dec. 29, has been proved by Mrs. Beatrice Ellen Leech, the widow, and Stephen Leech, the brother, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £70,617. The testator gives £1000 and his household furniture, carriages and horses, and during her widowhood the income of one moiety of his property, to his wife. Subject thereto, his estate is to be divided between his children.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company ran its first special Sunday cycle train to Horley, Three Bridges, and East Grinstead this week. The many delightful trips that can be taken from these places, combined with the cheap fares, should make the service very popular. The route will alternate every other Sunday with a run to Sutton, Dorking, Ockley, and Horsham.

Among the great number of readers of *The Illustrated London News* must certainly be a great many with whom a Kodak Camera is a constant companion. These artists have certainly greeted with pleasure the new Folding Pocket Kodak No. 3, which combines all the better qualities of the other Kodaks. Its small size, combined with the possibility of focussing the lens for near objects, renders it, no doubt, the most efficient "Pocket Kodak" in the market. To the large number of amateurs who wish to make pictures in the winter season, and on a somewhat gloomy day, it will certainly be of great interest to learn that these new Kodaks can now be obtained fitted with the best photographic lens in existence, the Goerz Double Anastigmat, which enables the worker to obtain good pictures even in an unfavourable light. This lens, which is fitted to a special shutter, the speeds of which can automatically be regulated, enables the amateur to be practically independent of the weather, for the extreme sensitiveness of the Eastman film is a guarantee of a good result when exposed with a Goerz Double Anastigmat. The new shutter and the new lens are so ingeniously



fitted to the camera that the latter does not lose in any way its wonderful compactness, and closes in the same small volume as if fitted with its original lens and shutter (see Illustration). The price of the Camera is, so fitted, £10 17s. 6d. To make the high standard of the Goerz Double Anastigmat well understood, we may mention that a photograph was exhibited recently in the windows of the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Co., 106, Regent Street, the West-End Agents of Mr. C. P. Goerz, which was taken with a Goerz Double Anastigmat on a rainy day, and which showed a large crowd of people all with their umbrellas open, following a regimental band. All details, even in the shadows, were so perfectly rendered that a better picture could not have been taken, even in the brightest sunshine, with a lens less perfect than the Goerz Double Anastigmat.

These new Cameras can be obtained from any good Photographic Dealer; and the Optical Works of C. P. Goerz, 4 and 5, Holborn Circus, London, will send an Illustrated Prospectus of these Cameras. All applications must be marked "Department I"; without this they will not be answered.

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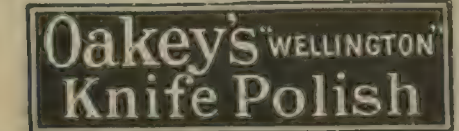
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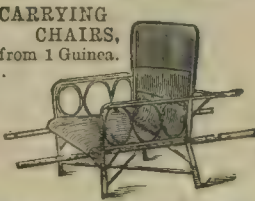
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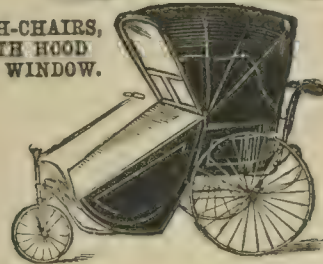


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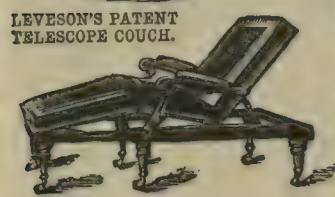
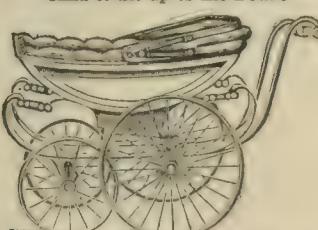
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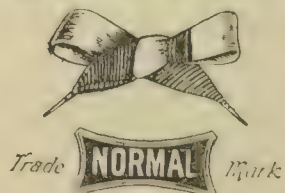
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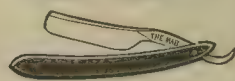
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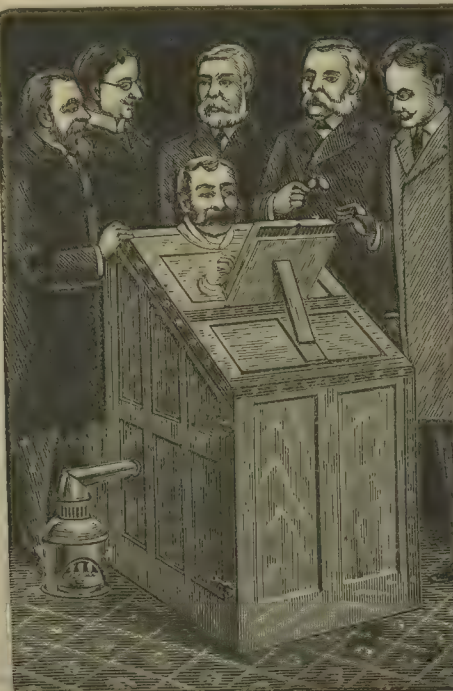
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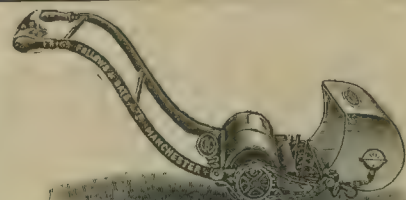
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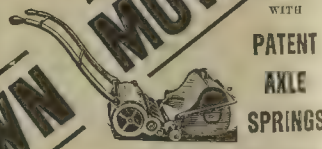


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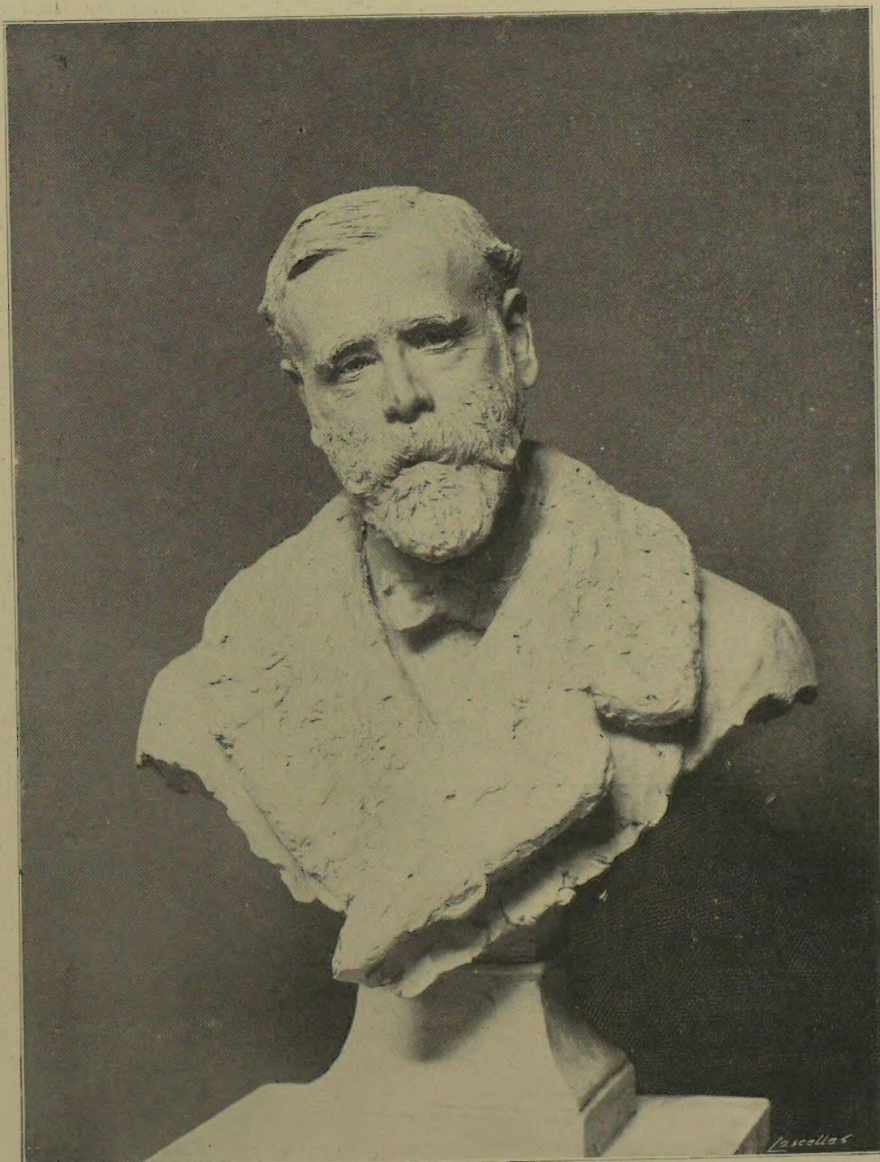
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THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

I.—PORTRAITS.

Notwithstanding the presence of many interesting works, it cannot be said that the first exhibition of the century at Burlington House reveals any brilliant hope for the immediate future of British art. The older and better-known artists and sculptors are content to repeat the lessons they have learnt long ago, and the new-comers are perplexed as to the means by which they may earn popularity or even attention. As might have been expected, the late Queen dominates the exhibition, not only in portraiture and in sculpture, but through the various pictures for which her death naturally furnished subjects. Next, in point of number at least, comes the war in South Africa, which has inspired numerous artists with themes—military and domestic, heroic and pathetic; and, at least, has introduced "khaki" for pictorial treatment. The greatest strength and the freshest ideas are, however, to be found not among the pictures, but in the sculpture gallery, where the quality of the work amply atones for the reduced number of the exhibits. It will be necessary to refer to the majority of these at a later period; but meanwhile allusion to two works will not be out of place. The doubts which were expressed at the selection of Mr. Thomas Brock for the proposed national memorial to the late Queen will be much lessened, if not wholly removed, by his marble bust of her Majesty, which will bear the closest inspection, and at the same time strike those who look at it from a distance with equal admiration. The treatment of the surface is most delicate, and the modelling of the features excellent, while it loses nothing in dignity when these are lost sight of. The Central Hall is almost entirely occupied by another colossal statue of her late Majesty, by Mr. Onslow Ford, of which the full effect cannot be too well judged; for gilded plaster will not give the same results as marble and bronze, in which the memorial is to be executed for Manchester. At any rate, it is an imposing mass—rather too ornate for its present surroundings, somewhat marred by the architectural weakness of the pedestal, and especially by the insignificant rendering of St. George and the Dragon, which dominate the figure and occupy the space in an abruptly broken arch.

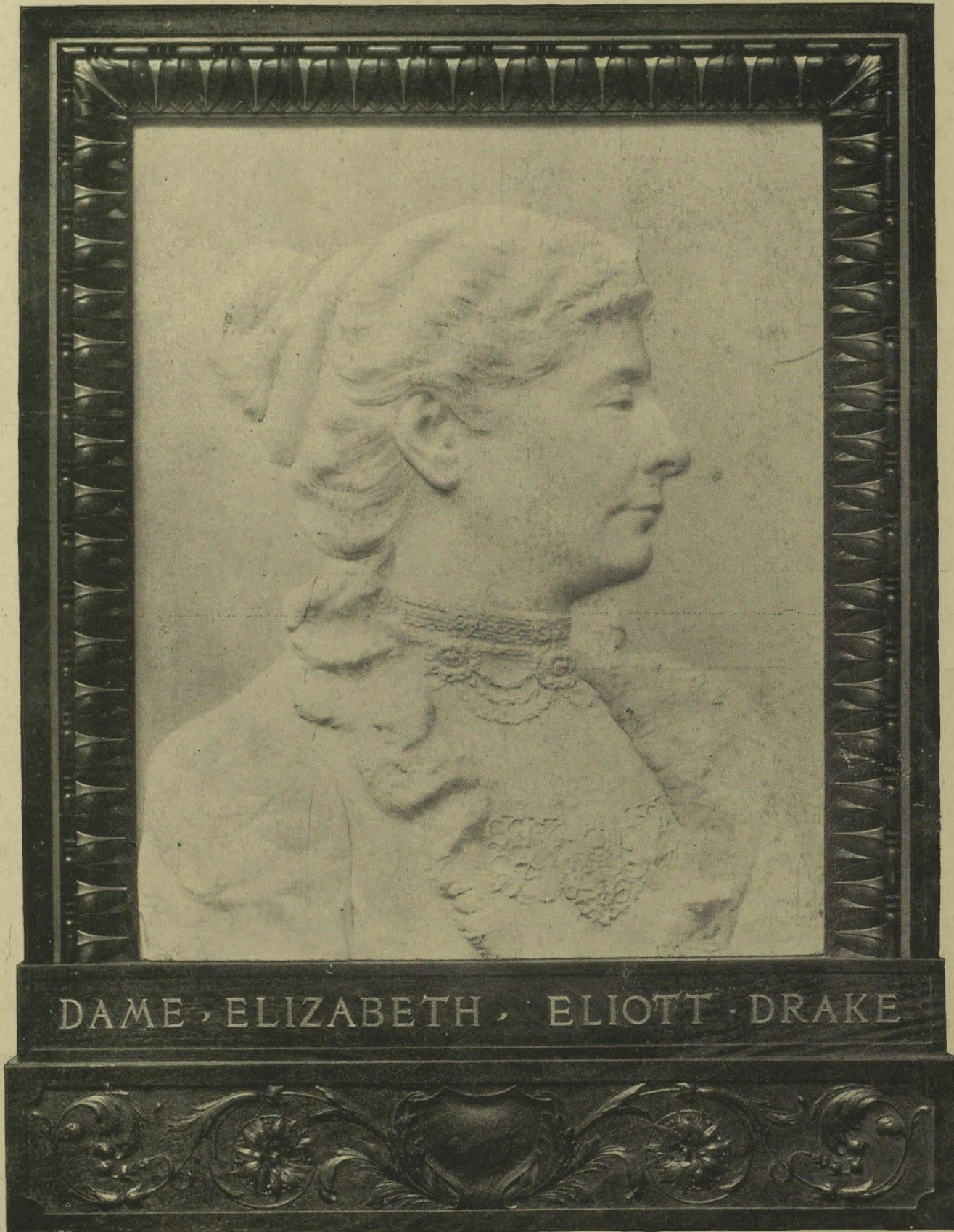
Turning now to the portraits, with which we are chiefly concerned on this occasion, the end of the principal gallery is occupied by the splendid work of M. Benjamin Constant, with which readers of *The Illustrated London News* are in a way familiar. The Queen is seated on her chair of State in the House of Lords, of which the Gothic surroundings harmonise well with the figure, full of years and imposing dignity. M. Constant, with the spirit of a true artist, has not attempted in any way to exaggerate the Queen's figure, or to give it a presence which it did not possess. He represents her in a black velvet dress trimmed with lace, and on her head is a white veil surmounted by a small crown. The face, which is nearly in profile, is slightly turned towards the spectator, and

conveys the happiest expression possible for one who bore so long and so patiently the heavy burden of her own and her people's sorrows. A bright gleam of sunshine strikes across the Queen's head, and gives light to the whole picture and a touch of gladness to the subject. It is in every way a worthy memorial of the great and good Queen; but it is a strange irony of fate which decreed that both in youth and age it should have fallen to foreigners to give us the most popular portraits of her—Winterhalter in her youth and Benjamin Constant in her old age.

The partisans of Mr. Sargent and Mr. J. J. Shannon will this year have abundant opportunity of comparing the claims of their respective favourites. Mr. Sargent, who is represented by his full complement of eight works, is scarcely so convincing as on some previous

imaginative study of a "Flower Girl" we see what good use Mr. Shannon can make of his colour-box. Sir L. Alma-Tadema comes quite into the first rank of portrait-painters with the portrait of his brother-Academician, Mr. George Aitchison, the past-President of the Institute of British Architects, a work which will worthily hold its place when possibly the artist's neo-classic studies will have ceased to interest posterity. Mr. Luke Fildes is represented by only one portrait—that of the Hon. Mrs. Marshall Brooks, a slight but elegant work; but his other picture, "Gegetta," a Venetian flower-girl, shows that his hand has not lost its power in dealing with the people, nor his eye in discovering where true beauty is to be found. Mr. Solomon J. Solomon is another distinguished painter who has been lured away from the line in which he made his reputation, and

this year contributes only portraits. They are all marked by vigour and strength, but not always by refinement and grace. Those of Mrs. Roscoe Brunner and Mrs. Murphy are the best instances of his skill in painting ladies, and in Mrs. W. H. Dunne he has found an apt subject for his special style. Mr. Frank Dicksee's "Duchess of Buckingham" is a very brilliant treatment of a gorgeous dress, to which the face of the lady is but a conventional accessory. This may have been the intention of the artist, but it can scarcely be regarded as complimentary to the sitter. Mr. John Collier has been lucky in having the opportunity of such a remarkable face to paint as that of Mr. Hugh Barnes, who bears a physiognomy full of decision and insight, so characteristic of those born officials to whom we owe so much for the government of India and our Colonies. Mr. Collier's other portrait, that of the Duke of York in naval costume, is not so happy, but the restrictions of naval uniform are somewhat fatal to an artist's imagination and freedom of action. Mr. Bramley has seized with success the leading features of Sir F. Abel's intelligent face; and Mrs. Norman has been able to give to Lord Dufferin's a dignity which well becomes his years. Miss Dorothea Wood may be fairly congratulated upon the portrait of



DAME ELIZABETH ELLIOTT-DRAKE.—E. ONSLOW FORD, R.A.

occasions; nevertheless his groups of Sir Charles and Lady Sitwell, and of the two Misses Wertheimer, and, in a lesser degree, of Mrs. Cazalet and her children, will maintain his position as the most brilliant and vivacious exponent of the modern Velasquez style; while the more solid work in the portraits of Professor Bywater, Mr. C. S. Loch, and Sir Charles Tennant give evidence of the versatility of his powers and the keenness of his perception of what lies below the surface of his sitters' faces. Mr. Shannon, except in one instance, limits himself to single figures, and unnecessarily lowers the tones in all his work, contenting himself with various shades of white and grey to express his meaning. The expression itself is generally forcible, but it is lacking in variety, as one feels when one compares old and young, who are impartially treated with the same subjection of colouring. The portraits of Lady Barran, Lady White, and Miss Shannon are instances of this restraint, for in the more

the Rev. Canon Wood in his scarlet gown and black skull-cap, and Mr. E. Onslow Ford on his capital treatment of Mr. MacWhirter, R.A. Madame Canziani has made a pretty picture of Mr. Athelstan Riley's small boy; but, as a rule, the portraits of children this year are neither numerous nor successful. The fashion for painting them has passed away, probably only for a time; but since Sir John Millais' death, we have had no artist of the first rank who has cared to carry on the traditions left by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Among the others who appear this year at Burlington House as portrait-painters, mention should be made of Mr. G. Spencer Watson and Mr. Frank W. Carter among the newcomers, and of Mr. Wells, Mr. Oulless, and Mr. Herkomer among the old-established favourites; but none of the latter has produced anything of sufficient novelty or importance to demand special notice.

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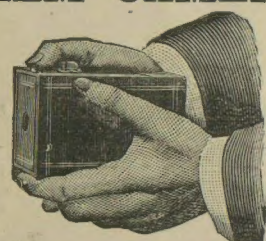
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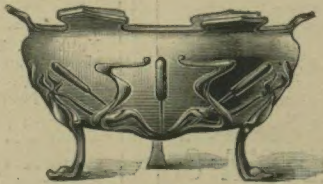
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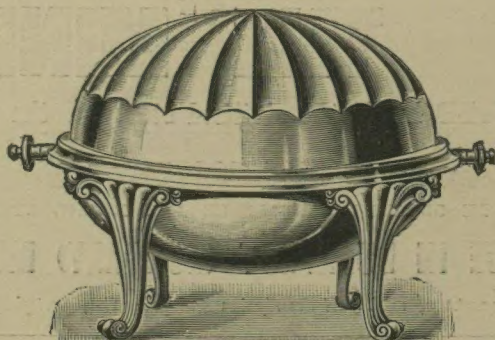
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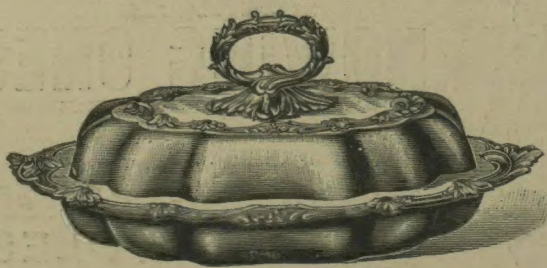
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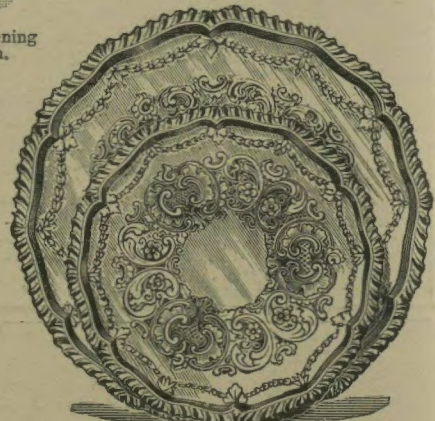
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